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July, 1959

HARVARD MEDICAL *ALUMNI BULLETIN*

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REGIONAL ACTIVITIES

New York

The Harvard Medical Society of New York met on April 2, 1959 at the Harvard Club of New York City. Assistant Dean of the Medical School, Dr. Joseph W. Gardella, spoke to the group on student and faculty activities and the curriculum changes at the Medical School. Mr. Donald J. Parsons, Assistant Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, as the main speaker of the evening, discussed the scientific aspects of law enforcement. Twenty-two new members were unanimously elected into the Society: Charles F. Begg, '39; David M. Bikoff, '51; James P. Cattell, '42; Harold Chiat, '52; Virgil F. Ficarra, '53; John T. Finkenstaedt, '46; Bernard German, '40; M. H. Hadler, '29; Thomas F. Henley, '38; Bert A. Kanwit, '41; Herbert M. Katzin, '37; Robert Katzman, '53; George A. McLe-more, Jr., '48; Edward Meilman, '40; George Mixter, Jr., '42; A. Stephen Morel, '50; Tor Richter,

'51; John Cathro Seed, '45; Lawrence W. Smith, '20; Robert J. Sperber, '55; Chandler Stetson, Jr., '44; Lewis Thomas, '37.

Pennsylvania. Rolf Lium, '33, incoming President of the Harvard Medical Alumni Association, will speak at the dinner.

Los Angeles

At a dinner meeting on April 3, 1959, the Alumni Group of Southern California had as guest speaker, Dr. Edward H. Kass, Associate Professor of Bacteriology and Immunology at Harvard Medical School. Lowell F. Bushnell, '33, a member of the executive committee, made the arrangements and reported a successful evening with about 35 in attendance.

Pittsburgh

The Harvard Medical Alumni of the State of Pennsylvania plan to hold a meeting on October 21, 1959, during the annual meeting of the Medical Society of the State of

Denver

At the annual dinner meeting to be held in the Fall, Grantley W. Taylor, '22, will speak to the Rocky Mountain Harvard Medical Alumni Association. J. Lawrence Campbell, '33, President of the group, Hugh A. MacMillan, '40, Treasurer, and George D. Wilcox, '46, are in charge of the arrangements.

Atlantic City

In the Claridge Hotel, at Atlantic City, the Harvard Medical Society of New York acted as host for the Harvard Medical Alumni Cocktail Party, held on June 9, during the annual meeting of the American Medical Association. About one hundred Alumni attended.

LETTERS

Harvard's Marble

To the Editor of the *Bulletin*:

I was surprised to read on page 11 of the May *Alumni Bulletin* that there are still anecdotes about the origin of the marble used on the walls of the Harvard Medical School. As a child I remember vividly hearing repeatedly the story of the origin of this marble by one who was active in the planning and arranging of the buildings. I therefore have no reason to doubt the validity of this explanation.

The original plans called for the buildings to be faced with brick. The construction of the New York Public Library coincided with that of the

Medical School building. The specifications for the New York Public Library required marble of quite high quality. This marble was available from a quarry in Dorset, Vermont, but the strata of high quality marble was overlain by strata of less high quality stone. In order to reach the higher quality marble it was necessary to quarry the overlying strata. An offer was then made to the Harvard Medical School to supply this lower quality marble at an extremely reasonable cost. The plans were therefore changed from facing the buildings with brick to facing them with the marble from this windfall which just happened to occur at the time the buildings were being planned.

Unless there is evidence to the contrary, I think these are the facts which

explain the marble facings on the noble group of buildings which surround the Medical School Quadrangle.

BRADFORD CANNON, '33

Shall We Tell Him?

To the Editor of the *Bulletin*:

I have been receiving copies of the *Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin* only about once every three or four months. Would you please see that a copy is sent to me each month.

T. DAVID LEE, JR., '57
The Johns Hopkins Hospital

Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin

Hobbies

To the Editor of the *Bulletin*:

I have noticed a tendency in the *Bulletin* during the past 5 or 6 years to devote a lot of space to articles by Alumni describing their hobbies. These have included such titles as "We Built a Modern House," "Doctors Afloat," "The Doctor-Sculptor," "How to Identify Edible Roots and Fungi," and "A New Sport — Competitive Parachute Jumping." I think this trend is being carried too far.

Many readers welcome these outpourings as being a legitimate method of buoying up their egos since we can all take pride in being from the same institution that spawned these talented eccentrics. However, some subscribers have complained that articles of this type tend to depress them and make them feel inferior or inadequate. I was therefore heartened by the recent pictorial account in the *Bulletin* of some of our "hobbyless" Alumni and would like to submit the following additional illustrations and titles describing para-medical hobbies:

ERNEST CRAIGE, 43A
Chapel Hill, North Carolina



ERNEST
CRAIGE

*Win, Place, or Show — Play-
ing with Statistics*

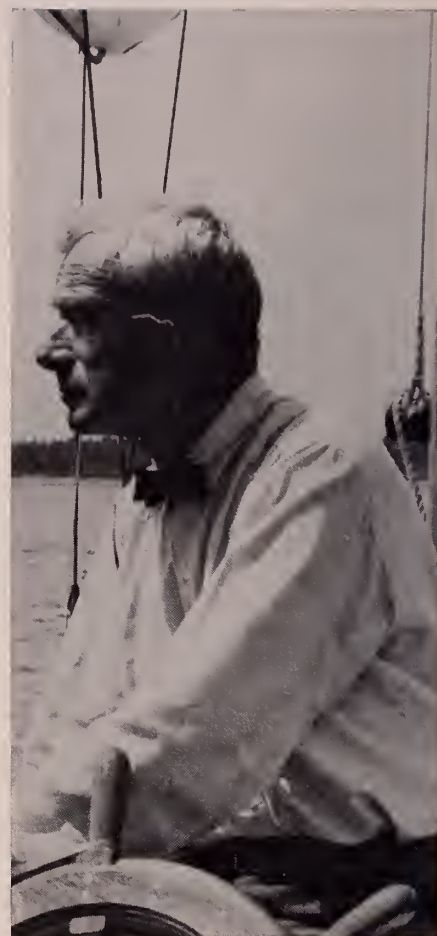
A Study of Orbiting Bodies



ERNEST
CRAIGE

James Lawder Gamble

1883-1959



Dr. Gamble at Sorrento, Maine

JAMES LAWDER GAMBLE, Professor of Pediatrics, *emeritus*, died on May 28, 1959 of a cerebral hemorrhage. Born on July 18, 1883 and educated in Millersburg, Kentucky, he went to Leland Stanford College and graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1910. After internships at the Massachusetts General Hospital and the Children's Hospital, he began his career as an investigator under Dr. Fritz Talbot at the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1914. At this time, he was greatly influenced by Professor L. J. Henderson.

In 1915, Dr. Gamble joined the Department of Pediatrics at Johns Hopkins, where he carried out his classic investigations on the maintenance of acid-base equilibrium and body fluid volume in fasting children, and decided to give up clinical responsibilities in order to

devote his life to "the study of disease by the methods of chemistry."

When Dr. Oscar Schloss came to Harvard in 1922, as this University's first full-time Professor of Pediatrics, he persuaded Dr. Gamble to join him. Schloss' tenure was brief, but under the protection of his successor, Kenneth Blackfan, Dr. Gamble carried out a series of investigations which have had a profound influence upon medical thought and clinical practice. At the Children's Hospital he served as an unassuming, but very effective teacher of successive classes of medical students and of a small group of aspiring young investigators who were fortunate enough to work with him.

Dr. Gamble came to Harvard as Assistant Professor in 1922, and in a very short time rose to the rank of Associate Professor in 1925, and

of Professor in 1932. Even after he became *emeritus* in 1951, he continued to exercise an important influence on the training of young men in the metabolism laboratories at the Children's Hospital.

The recipient of many honors and awards, Dr. Gamble will long be remembered in medicine not only for his brilliantly-conceived, simple, decisive experiments but for the painfully won lucidity and clarity of the papers describing them. However, in the hearts of his friends and associates, his memory will be kept warm because his rare gift of intellect was combined with genuine simplicity and integrity of character, warmth of heart and great personal charm. As one friend has put it, "There was not a spurious fibre in him."

CHARLES A. JANEWAY, M.D.

Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin

MMERRILL SOSMAN died at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital on March 28, 1959. He suffered a cerebral hemorrhage while lecturing at a medical meeting, became comatose and remained so to the end. In this simple way closed the career of one of the world's greatest clinical roentgenologists.

He was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, received his A.B. degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1913, his M.D. degree from Johns Hopkins in 1917, worked at the Walter Reed Hospital as a first lieutenant during the first World War and later trained at the Massachusetts General Hospital under George Holmes. He came to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in 1922 where he remained as Chief of the X-ray Department for thirty-four years. In 1956, when he became *Emeritus* Professor of Radiology, he joined the group at the Massachusetts General Hospital, as consultant in Roentgenology.

The honors that were bestowed upon him were numerous and attest to the great esteem in which he was

held by roentgenologists throughout the world. Amongst them were the gold medal of the Radiological Society of North America and the Presidency of the American and New England Roentgen Ray Societies, Harvey Cushing Society and Boylston Medical Society.

He became the great clinical roentgenologist by "brain-picking the masters" for years. His x-ray "cubby-hole" became the "Grand Central Station" of the Brigham. He learned about brain tumors from Cushing and Horrax, genito-urinary problems from Quinby and Harrison, general surgery from Cheever, Homans, Cutler, Newton and Moore, cardiology from Christian, Levine, Burwell and Dexter, endocrinology from Thorn, pathology from Wolbach and so on with all medicine. The result was that he functioned as a consultant in all branches of medicine and surgery.

Probably his greatest talent was in teaching. His wit and repartee added zest and interest to his exercises. In this way he always kept his listeners on their toes. When

the diagnosis of coarctation of the aorta was first being made, we were giving an exercise in Dallas. In the midst of the discussion he suddenly asked whether anyone had discovered a case of coarctation in Dallas. After a deep silence he asked what the population of the city was. On learning that it was about 250,000 he proclaimed, "There are one hundred cases of coarctation in the city, go out and find them." This surely stirred up their interest in the subject.

Apart from his great professional talents Merrill Sosman was a very vigorous individual. He enjoyed golf, fishing and hunting. He was the life of the party when it came to piano-playing, singing songs or story-telling. There are few great men who possess as many ordinary, human and attractive qualities as he did.

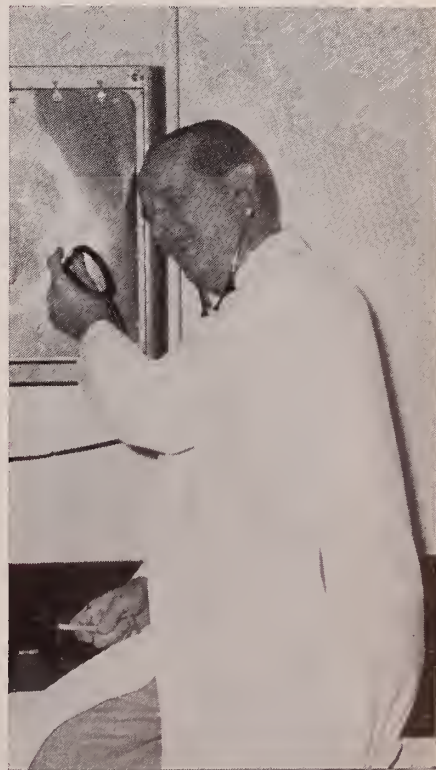
He leaves a void that cannot be filled. To his devoted wife and children are extended the deep heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends from all over the world.

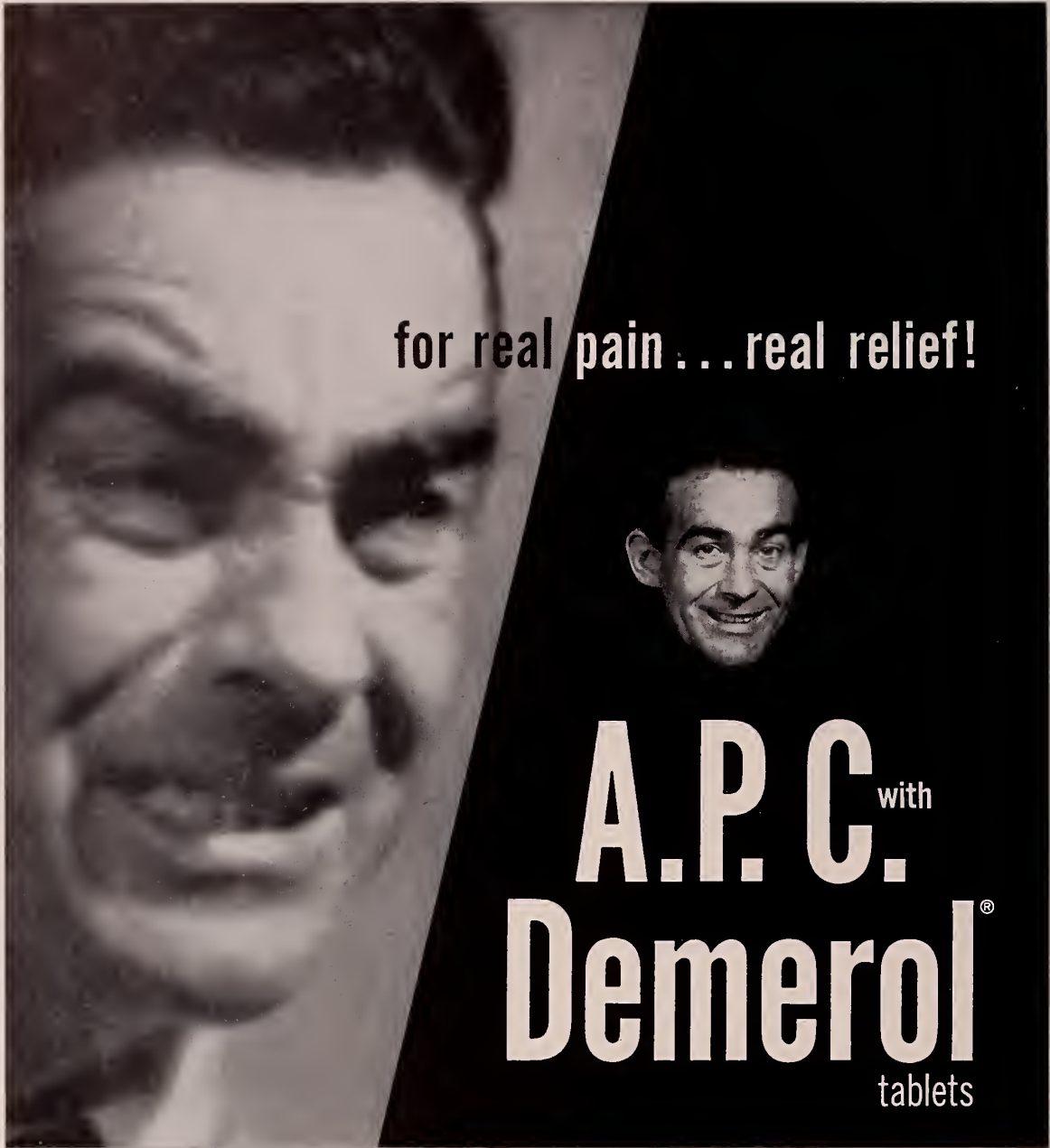
SAMUEL A. LEVINE, '14

Merrill Clary Sosman

1890-1959

Dr. Sosman in 1954, when he was honored as Physician-in-Chief Pro Tempore at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Applying the stethoscope to an X-ray recalls his quips about the obsolescence of the stethoscope.





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HARVARD MEDICAL ALUMNI BULLETIN

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NO. 4

The Cover: In 1954, the view was green from the window of M.I.T.'s Faculty Club. In the distance, arching over the Charles, was the cobbled Longfellow Bridge, so named because this was Longfellow's favorite walk from Cambridge to Boston, and vice versa. On page 9 of this issue is an updated version of the same scene. Cover Photo by David Lawlor.

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Along the Perimeter

Tuition Rise

Effective with the opening of the 1959-60 academic year, the Harvard Medical School and School of Dental Medicine will raise the tuition rate from \$1000 to \$1250. A similar increase of \$250 will be made by the two Schools at the beginning of the 1960-61 academic year, thus raising the total tuition rate to \$1500. These increases by the two Schools are the first since 1955. It is expected that the tuition increase will be accompanied by a rise in student scholarship and loan funds adequate to meet the financial requirements of needy students.

Dr. Berry, in announcing the tui-

tion increase, pointed out that an amount equal to sixty-two per cent of the income received as tuition by the two Schools during the past academic year was used for student aid.

"Financial aid to needy medical and dental students during the past decade," Dr. Berry said, "has risen by 740 per cent, while tuition has gone up by only 73 per cent." Student aid includes scholarships, fellowships, loans, and those dormitory, dining hall and health expenditures made in excess of income.

"Endowment income during the 10-year period," Dr. Berry reported, "was increased by 99 per cent. But," he added, "at the same time, the total expenditures of the Schools rose by 166 per cent."

The decision to increase the tui-

tion rate at the Medical School and School of Dental Medicine, Dr. Berry noted, followed an intensive study of the Schools' financial status by the Administrative Staff. Earlier this year room rentals in the student dormitory — Vanderbilt Hall — were increased, to become effective with the opening of the next academic year. This move was necessary to alleviate the annual deficits incurred in the dormitory's operation.

The increased income from tuition, Dr. Berry points out, is but one step being taken to secure new income for raising the salaries of the Faculty and Staff of the Schools.

For many years the income from tuition paid by medical and dental students at Harvard — in fact at all medical and dental schools — has fallen far short of the actual costs of instruction. Current estimates place the four-year cost of a medical education at Harvard at about \$13,000, the cost of a dental education at about \$20,000. Of these sums, the student a few years ago was paying about 24 per cent, but in recent years the student's contribution has fallen to 17 cents on the dollar, the School making up the remaining 83 cents.



Dunphy



*(left) as
a Westerner
(right) as we
remember him*



David Lawlor

Boston, 1959: New construction has changed the face of Memorial Drive. Many trees have been removed since this issue's cover picture was taken in 1954. An apron has been pushed out into the Charles River to ease the flow of traffic toward the Northern Artery and onto the Longfellow Bridge. In the left background, the new Warren Building at Massachusetts General Hospital rises between the Phillips House and Allen Street. Dedicated in 1956, the Warren Building houses pathology research laboratories, neurological research facilities, including the Mixter Laboratory, and research units in dermatology and psychiatry. All this is progress and some charm, it seems, must go. This last June, decobbling began on the Longfellow Bridge, a span known variously in its history as the "Cambridge," the "West Boston" or (familiarily) the "Pepper-and-Salt" Bridge. Were Longfellow here today, he might well grow nostalgic anew over murmuring pines and moss-bearded hemlocks, "indistinct in the twilight."

SERPASILLINESS

When I looked Pacatal my years
Of insecurities and fears,
De-Sparine, with a sigh I cried,
"To Equanil this foolish pride!
Why brave the world undrugged and lonely?
Great peace is mine if I will only
Gorge on potions ataraxic
Until dystonic and ataxic."
This drug and that I tried, in hope
That in some new and unsung dope
A mute inglorious Miltown lay
To banish all my cares away.
In vain I trod the spansule path;
I could not tranquillize my wrath
Nor sweat nor pain. But hark!
What is this brightness in the dark?
A small voice Vesprin in my ear
Becomes a shout for all to hear:
"Mebaral in need of peace
From Lethes Promazine release;
But Amytal! Why swallow pills
When whiskey still can cure our ills?"

J. C. N.

Grey Ladies, Too

Someone suggested a first-aid station for Alumni Day.

We played with the idea: wondered how many would rise when the call came — "Is there a doctor in the Quadrangle?" — and how many would move quietly, beer in hand, toward the bushes.

"It's always done across the River on Commencement and Class Day," someone protested, piqued. We straightened our ties at this sobering thought, and adjusted our faces. Listening thoughtfully, we learned that ordinary comfort stations have increased three-fold in Building A within the last few years; and on Alumni Day, there's a stretcher in readiness somewhere, and a wheel chair.

And some day, perhaps when medicine is socialized, there'll be a really first-rate first-aid station on Alumni Day at H.M.S.

"Even Unto the Least of These . . ."

William A. Hinton, '12

WHEN William A. Hinton first published a report on his new flocculation test for syphilis in 1927, he announced merely a "Glycerol-Cholesterol Precipitation Reaction in Syphilis." This was not the first flocculation test to appear, but in Massachusetts and in most of New England it has replaced, in all but name, the standard "Wassermann" and has become famous as the "Hinton Test" for the diagnosis of syphilis.

In 1937, this test, along with its micro-counterpart, the Davies-Hinton, was rated at the top for both sensitivity and specificity in a national evaluation study. The percentage of false positive reactions was cut drastically with its introduction. False positives had been the bane of the Wassermann and other early reagent tests. Because treatment at this time was so long, painful and dangerous, and the stigma of venereal disease so shameful, an accurate test was of the utmost importance. Today, it has stood the test of time and is still widely and routinely used.

In the late 1940's, specific antigen tests, such as the *Trepomena Pallidum Immobilization*, were developed, and these new tests were for some time thought capable of avoiding the false positive reactions of the reagent tests. It has been shown lately, however, that false positives can occur even in specific antigen tests. "The real advantage of the Hinton test," Dr. J. A. V. Davies has said, "is that besides being extremely sensitive and specific, it is an easy and inexpensive test, without pitfalls. Most other screening tests have to be done right the first time; but if results in a Hinton are not clear, the tube can be shaken up and, if a positive reaction returns, it will, on centrifuging, be a stronger positive, whereas a negative test will become more clearly negative. The reagent to which the serum is added can also be kept a month or more in the refrigerator, a distinct advantage over other tests."

Because Dr. Hinton did not actually treat patients, and because of the fame of his test, the clinical aspect of his work has never been sufficiently appreciated. He was consulted by doctors from every part of the state on the specific treatment of syphilitic patients. His widely acclaimed book, *Syphilis and its Treatment*, published in 1935, devoted extensive sections to patient care in the different stages of syphilis.

During this period, roughly 1930 to 1943, the rate of syphilis in this country climbed by over 150%, whereas treatment was still a long series of painful injections, skin inunctions or oral doses of mercury, bismuth and arsenic compounds. And throughout this time, Dr. Hinton insisted that patients have adequate treatment, and that treatment not be guided by the persistence of positive tests, but by the physician's diagnosis, since many patients react positively

long after the disease has become inactive. He was among the first to recognize the problem of reagent transfer in the newborn, one of the pitfalls in the diagnosis of congenital syphilis, and to suggest that in the absence of other symptoms, physicians wait until three months after birth and repeat the test before beginning treatment.

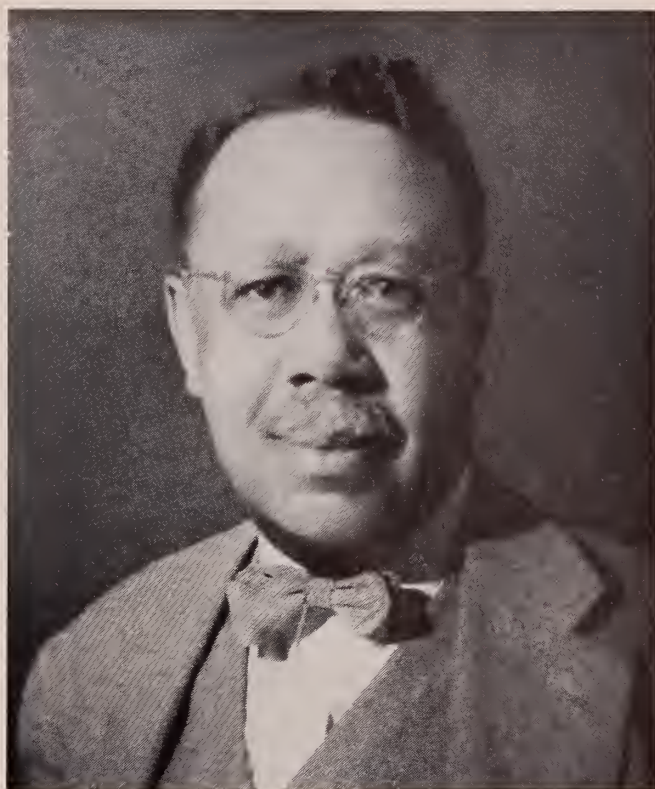
Dr. Hinton's rise to prominence has an almost romantic background. Born the son of former slaves, he spent his childhood in Kansas. Graduating the youngest in his high school's history, he went on to complete 3 years of pre-medical work in 2 years at the University of Kansas, and finished undergraduate work at Harvard on a scholarship. He was forced repeatedly to leave school to finance his education. He worked a year before entering Harvard, and for three years after graduation taught in colleges in Tennessee and Oklahoma. In Langston, Oklahoma, he met and married Ada Hawes, also a teacher, and together they returned to Boston where Dr. Hinton entered H.M.S. in 1909. Although 7 years had passed since his pre-medical study, he was able to skip the second year and finish Medical School in 3 years. A scholarship was offered to promising Negro students at this time, but Dr. Hinton refused the preference and for two years in a row won the Wigglesworth Scholarship in competition with the entire student body.

His interest in the serology of syphilis already had begun in medical school, and immediately after graduation he started to work in the Wassermann Laboratory at H.M.S. In 1915, he was put in charge of this Laboratory, which just about this time was made the official Massachusetts State Laboratory.

"HE was very hard to convince," Dr. Davies says, "and he loved to argue, but once you convinced him, he was on your side. I was grateful to him because I respected his intellectual honesty and generosity. He never asked for a bit of credit. He was proud and sensitive, perhaps too sensitive, and he became famous entirely on his own merit."

In addition to his research and teaching at H.M.S., Dr. Hinton filled teaching posts at Simmons College and Tufts University. He was always a vivid lecturer and, as the *New England Journal of Medicine* noted, "had a flair for rolling rhetoric that often left students applauding in the aisles." At the Boston Dispensary in Boston's South End, where he became Physician-in-Chief of the Clinical Laboratories, he developed and fought for a program for training women as laboratory technicians. These were high school graduates with high grades, but unable to afford higher education. Through the school, he encouraged young women to go into laboratory work at a time when women's ability for such work was not readily accepted. The school gained such an excellent reputation that many professional schools began to offer similar courses on the strength of this reputation.

Of his years at the Dispensary, an employee remembers, "He used to stride through the Laboratory and run his finger along the cabinets, testing for dust. He was something of an autocrat and a perfectionist, but an autocrat who believed in the democratic processes." When a dispute arose over a laboratory process on which Dr. Hinton had very definite views, he called a committee meeting of the laboratory staff to hear their ideas. After hearing them out democratically, and considering their views, he announced that the committee had now made its decision, that is, he had decided in favor of his original opinion. "He had the uncanny ability," the same



Dr. Hinton

employee continues, "of telling a patient he had syphilis without upsetting him. I don't know what he told them, but they went into his office looking as if the world had come to an end, and came out with their heads lifted."

Dr. and Mrs. Hinton bought a large tract of land in Canton, Mass. Recognizing the beauty of the undeveloped property, they remodeled the house. Dr. Hinton loved both furniture-making and gardening. "The pool was always filled with lilies of all colors," a friend says. "There was a lawn tennis court, a rose garden, and an orchard and grapevines on the hill, with every kind of fruit tree that grows in this part of the country." His barbecues were famous, and paths were cut in the woods and bordered with irises and lady-slippers. "He loved the unusual and the beautiful, and kept these paths as natural as possible."

After a tragic automobile accident in 1940, in which Dr. Hinton lost a leg, he devoted much of his time to teaching and to his school at the Dispensary. This school still graduates more laboratory technicians than any other in New England. In 1949, one year before academic retirement, he was made Clinical Professor of Bacteriology. This was the first time in Harvard's 313-year history that a Negro had been so honored with professorial rank.

Many tributes have acknowledged his contributions to medicine. Now bedridden at his home in Canton, Dr. Hinton's mind is still clear, though he regrets being unable to read as he loved to, since cataracts have dimmed his vision. He remains an example in the best H.M.S. tradition of a doctor who combines with science a warm and many-sided personality.

MEDICAL WATCHDOG

William S. Curran, '52

It comes as a considerable surprise to most people to discover the range and strictness of the medical standards which have to be met by immigrants, students and other long-term visitors to the United States.

The idea of exclusion on medical grounds goes back to 1888 when the Ford Committee of Congress was appointed to investigate reports on the entry into the United States of "paupers, idiots and insane persons." Gradually, regulations became more specific and were incorporated in the Immigration Act of 1924, which remains essentially in force today.

Before the turn of the century, and for some time thereafter, the enforcement of regulations was pretty much a hit-or-miss affair. A doyen of the Public Health Service, around 1900, vividly described the procedure on Ellis Island*; a medical officer was posted by the gangplank and simply looked over the immigrants as they filed past, watching for telltale signs of disease in their face, gait, or manner of dress!

Little change in this method occurred until after World War II, when two big steps forward were taken. The first was the routine use of chest X-rays in the medical examination. The second was the rather radical idea of sending American doctors abroad to examine applicants for immigration visas in their European countries of origin. Where American doctors were not available, trustworthy examining panels of local doctors were established. Until these steps were

*Nichols, *My Life*, Harpers, 1942.

For three years, William S. Curran, '52, worked in a number of Asian and European countries as a Medical Officer in Charge of the Quarantine Division of the U. S. Public Health Service, which has the responsibility for making the final decision regarding the mental and physical qualifications of prospective immigrants. His headquarters for the first year were in Tokyo and for the second, Hong Kong, while covering the entire Far East area from Japan and Korea to Southeast Asia and the Philippines. His final year was spent as Medical Officer in Charge, in the British Isles.

taken, aliens arriving in the United States with one of the conditions excluded by law either had to be deported by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, often an expensive procedure, or hospitalized at Government expense.

For the past ten years, American doctors have been stationed abroad at U. S. Embassies or Consulates General to do the examinations, and at the same time have been serving as medical advisors to Foreign Service personnel. In Europe, the machinery is now running quite smoothly. Good office space is available, with experienced local staffs and reliable equipment. In fact, with little additional personnel, a tremendous number of Hungarian refugees was medically examined in the space of a few weeks in 1956.

When I was sent to the Far East in 1955, the Public Health Service and State Department had just started to set up their examination program. The United States at that time was entering the final phase of the Refugee Relief Program started in 1953 to provide new homes in the United States for 205,000 refugees from countries taken over by Communist governments.

A specific clause allowed for the adoption of 4,000 alien orphans, many of whom had been fathered by our occupying armies in Germany, Japan and Korea. The refugees, so defined, were to be allowed to enter the United States over and above the yearly quota allotted to each country of the world by the Immigration Act of 1924. Europe received the lion's share of places, with only about 3,000 allotted to the Orient. This imbalance reflected the historical policy of the quota system, which is based on percentages of foreign-born who were living in the United States in 1890. Thus the Asian and African countries are allotted an average quota of one hundred immigrants per year, while 65,721 can emigrate from Britain, and over twenty-five thousand from Germany!

IN THE FAR EAST

Dr. Curran in 1957, with Mary Allis, on the balcony of their Hong Kong apartment.



The only bona fide refugees from Communism in the Far East are from the Chinese mainland. Nevertheless, about one hundred of the oriental "numbers" were allotted to Japan in one of those curious developments which make our political system interesting.

Although the Japanese were not refugees in the meaning of the Act, there were many who might be termed refugees from earthquake, fire, flood or inadequate land space. Japan also happens to be a faithful friend of the West, a position which often conflicts with her own interests. In order to import food for her eighty millions, she must export also, and across the Yellow Sea lies the obvious market. But since she has not given recognition to Mao's government, her trade delegates are not too well received. Anything, therefore, that the United States could do to earn goodwill in Japan would certainly do no harm.

Finally, the Japanese are widely known as excellent workers. Following the War, which dislocated many of them who had been living on the West Coast, there developed an acute shortage of seasonal labor on the farms and fruit orchards. It is not surprising, therefore, that California politicians suddenly began to throw their weight behind the concept of Japanese "refugees."

Even so, the total number of Japanese immigrants (about 1,200) is reduced almost to insignificance when compared to the flood of new American citizens produced by marriages between Japanese girls and U. S. servicemen. They have averaged 5,000 a year since 1950. The examination of this group, a fair number of whom were found to have tuberculosis, comprised a good deal of my work. In addition, we made periodic trips to other parts of the islands and set up temporary examination centers for refugee applicants, generally using the local American consulates for this purpose.

In Korea, Formosa, Hong Kong and parts of South-

east Asia, we had a different set of problems. In Korea, much time was spent checking the several thousand Eurasian orphans adopted by American couples. These infants and children, many of whom had been abandoned in the marches and counter-marches of the Korean War and taken in by the missionary organizations, or even adopted by G.I. units, were the sort of case never seen in the United States today. The determination of their fitness for emigration was often incredibly difficult, particularly in those children who appeared to be mentally deficient, quite probably on the basis of long-standing physical hardship and emotional trauma. Psychiatric consultation was, of course, unobtainable and we had to do the best we could with objective testing, the standards of Gesell, and sometimes just waiting to see what a warm environment and enough food could do.

Tuberculosis is the major medical problem throughout the Far East. The visa law regarding it, as presently interpreted, is reasonably straightforward. The applicant must demonstrate radiologic stability for one year after the completion of treatment. The problems arose in those applicants with extensive, long-standing and poorly-defined fibrosis by X-ray, cases which can best be called "chronic." Although they might be clinically quiescent the risk of breakdown and intermittently positive sputum in such cases is appreciable, and frequently we were unable to pass them under existing USPHS criteria of stability. The other main problem was a person in whom the diagnosis of tuberculosis could not be completely excluded. Examples of this might include non-tuberculous pleurisy with effusion, sarcoidosis, histoplasmosis (a few cases of which had been reported in Japan), pneumoconioses, and in Korea especially, pulmonary paragonimiasis. In this situation, the Public Health Service takes the position that a lesion must be considered to be tuberculous until proven otherwise. Also, of course,

tuberculosis may coexist with some of the other diseases mentioned.

I was extremely fortunate in having able chest consultants on the spot in both Japan and Hong Kong. The Tokyo Army Hospital had a fine staff which included a radiologist, consultant tuberculosis specialist, and thoracic surgeon. We met together weekly to consider the cases of prospective military brides and my refugee problems. This happy arrangement prevented many an error which could have resulted from my inexperience.

Much more difficult than the tuberculosis cases were visa applicants who had to be weighed in the balance to determine whether they met the mental and psychological requirements. The law excludes persons who have been in the past or who are now "insane," epileptic, alcoholic, psychopathic, or addicted to drugs. There is also a catch-all category to exclude any others who "might require hospitalization" or who might "come into repeated conflict with social customs, constituted authority, or the social environment." Persons with severe neurotic disturbances might land in this category.

The unhappy plight of many who could not meet the medical requirements was eased considerably when in September 1957 a bill was passed by Congress which allowed spouses, parents and children of American citizens (or permanent resident aliens) to enter the United States for hospitalization and observation even if they had active or not fully stabilized tuberculosis. This humane piece of legislation has served to reunite families which have been separated for many painful years.

A decision to exclude on medical grounds, bearing in so arbitrary a way on an individual's future, can be hard enough for the most objective psychiatrist. Evaluating a past episode of mental illness in an unfamiliar culture, on the basis of an inadequate or distorted report, and through a language barrier, might be thought by many to be completely impossible. I did not envy our psychiatric consultants who had to decide the difficult ones.

Probably the greatest injustice is done to epileptics who are at present excluded by law even if they have become free from attacks and no longer require treatment. This legislation was passed in 1903 when it was believed that there was a strong genetic factor present in so-called "idiopathic" epilepsy. Such laws are apparently not difficult to pass but are hard to bring into line with more modern medical concepts.

Applying the rules in Britain where I worked in 1958 was relatively easy. The applicants were almost invariably truthful, the hospital reports detailed and of high quality. In the Orient it had been quite a different story. Many of the Western standards that we

preach are incomprehensible in China and Japan. If one adds to this a difference in psychological attitude and an ingrained distrust of officialdom, it can be seen how difficult it might be to obtain a history which the applicant knew could keep him from going to the United States. Ineligible applicants with tuberculosis might send a healthy friend to be examined; identification papers were sometimes tampered with and large bribes offered to secretaries and technicians. The rather ludicrous result was that our questions would invariably reveal a perfect health record in a part of the world where outside the Consulate door and the hospital wards quite a different picture was apparent.

If this atmosphere of intrigue surprises anyone, he should read the story of emigration from South China over the last 70 years. This is an epic of rigid and unfair exclusion laws versus the traditional Chinese ingenuity. Curiously enough the great earthquake and fire of 1906 in San Francisco produced a gimmick which proved extraordinarily useful to illegal immigration. Years afterward Chinese would claim to have been born in San Francisco before the fire or to be the children of permanent residents of that period, either of which would entitle them to remain in the United States. By a peculiar coincidence birth records which would prove their claim had in every case been destroyed in the great conflagration. Once a toe hold had been gained, children, usually male, born following visits back to China would materialize. These "children" are to this day rounded up by busy brokers in Hong Kong who offer "slots" as the child of an American citizen for a price. Whole villages in the Kwantung area have been transferred to the United States in this way. It has been estimated that if every Chinese woman living in San Francisco before the fire had had all the children which have been subsequently claimed for her the average would have been 600 each! The situation is not only bad because of the fraud involved but often Chinese who buy their way into the United States are virtually indentured to their new "parents" until they can work off their debt. This may take years, since any complaint by the adoptee might result in his deportation. The U. S. Immigration Authorities continue their struggle to clean up this situation and the identification procedure gradually is improving through a more precise determination of age and paternity.

Not all of my memories of the last three years have been so negative. On the positive side I am following with great interest the continuing inter-racial experiment that unfolds as more than 5,000 Orientals, as well as thousands of Europeans, become American citizens by marriage and adoption each year. The fact that these new citizens can spread throughout the country, rather than concentrating in ghetto-like communities on the coast, is a sign of hope and progress.

DIAGNOSIS DEFERRED

Fe, Fi — Ho, Hum

Reports have reached the daily press of a seminar conducted in the verdant springtime, when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of rare beefsteaks for breakfast at the Harvard Varsity Club's training tables, if such anachronisms still persist. The seminar, on diets for athletes, went on location at the Harvard Faculty Club, next door; the main participants were anatomically fat-free nutritionists Mayer and Stare of Harvard's School of Public Health, and the ringmaster was marathon-minded Warren R. Guild of Harvard's health service staff.

Fortunately or otherwise, depending on the point of view, many cherished dietary traditions were mauled by Mayer and Stare, the former of whom invoked the memory of gracious early Olympic customs when Athenian athletes, century after century, alternated between diets of red meats and those composed preponderantly of dried grains. Modern athletes, who like something juicy to sink their gums into, prefer the former although they are not impartial to thick slices of golden toast buried in creamy butter. In fact, they prefer anything that savors well, — or is it good? — the immemorial training-table motto being *de gustibus non est disputandum*, or "don't give me no windy argument."

When this scribe, nearly two score years ago, held the health of

the Harvard crew in the hollow of his hand, shrill cries of anguish rose on the evening air when the massive oarsmen discovered that canned beans had been served them instead of the fresh-picked variety. He was deputed to see about it, which he did not do, having anticipated the findings of Mayer, Stare and Guild, at least in this particular.

Stare, Mayer and Guild went beyond the matter of canned beans, however, and found, possibly to the dismay of the special nutritionists, that special nutrition is practically without special value, except perhaps to the psyche. The special nutritionists, if at all crushed, are expected to rise again. As Dr. Stare intimated, there's no fool like a food faddist and the sale of special products is accompanied by special profits.

If the athlete requires anything extra in addition to a reasonable dietary balance, the athletes and trainers who attended their seminar were told, it is quantitative, for the zealous athlete presumably burns his calories, at his avocation, more rapidly than does the pure student, all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. And eating is fun, although a little time might be allowed to lapse after the pleasures of the table before the varsity goes gently burping down the river.

Again fortunately, neither space nor time nor snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night permits a

general discussion of the ideas that have prevailed regarding foods and their effects on the human economy. It is known that sulfur and molasses, and dandelion greens as well, give the blood its annual spring cleaning; that fish with its high phosphorus content gently stirs the intellectual processes, even as crinkly, crunchy celery is effective in steadying the nerves. It is nature's universal tranquilizer and good for parakeets as well as man.

Tiger livers, centuries ago, behind the bamboo curtain that was never really raised, were fed to soldiers to increase their imperturbability in the face of danger, and the livers of crows, in a burst of realism, were fed to patients suffering from the oriental analogue of pernicious anemia. Forty-nine vitamins laced with folic acid have become a universal panacea and dietary adjunct, although the incompatibility of milk and lobster is known chiefly along the Atlantic seaboard of the U. S. A.

Other well-known classics in food faddism consist of four and twenty viable blackbirds baked in a pie without loss of physical or emotional status, and the bones of an Englishman water-ground to make a loaf of bread, served, perhaps, on bone china. The simplest and most practical fad, however, when it works, is the traditional ration of shavings fed to a horse wearing green spectacles.

Editorial

"TO FORCE HIS SOUL SO TO HIS OWN CONCEIT"

. (*Hamlet*)

When one considers the story of Organon as described by Henry Work on page 18, the first impulse is to cry, "Quack." One is tempted to label Dr. Reich as a first class mountebank, peddling his nostrums via the U.S. mails from his snugger in the picturesque hills of Maine. Perhaps he was a charlatan, perpetrating a hoax on unsuspecting humans to his own glory and financial advantage. But the line between the imposter and the zealot is entirely one of motive. Did he believe in his own doctrine? That is the crucial question; for if he did, he was certainly not a crook, and bamboozling was not his conscious game.

Chicanery has played a large role in the relation of man to man. Witness the versatile vocabulary that describes the manifestations of dishonesty — gyp, mislead, dupe, victimize, cozen, dissimulate, hoodwink and delude. All of these words imply conscious fraud, and we use them freely whenever we find someone capitalizing on an unorthodox line. We are quite willing to impute shady motives to anyone who profits on a theory that we consider false. Even good and honest men fall victim to the common human frailty of giving bad names to those with whom one disagrees.

When Don Marceline de Sautuola appeared before a congress of archeologists in Lisbon and described the paintings in the caves of Altamira, he ventured that they were an artistic expression by prehistoric man. The professionals not only laughed him out of the assembly; they accused him openly of having had the paintings made by a young artist who was living on his estate. The professors and scholars agreed among themselves that man could not paint in prehistoric times, because he was too much of a barbarian; and it was only after the death of Don Marceline that his theory was proved to be correct.

Dr. Reich was a man with good medical training. He studied with Freud, and thereby had a fine master as a good example. He no doubt possessed talents that would have enabled him to succeed regardless of his chosen direction. I venture a guess that most of us would say, "Here is a scientist who lost his scientific point of view."

The more one reads about scientists, the more one wonders how to define the scientific point of view. A case could be made for the contention that a good scientist clings stubbornly to his idea against the world and pursues it relentlessly, not from a love of truth, but from a desire to prove himself right. Scientists generally do not operate with cool, dispassionate objectivity toward their particular goals. Some are blessed with a lucky strike as was Fleming; others like Linnaeus use a quite erroneous theory as the basis for their research and turn up with a magnificent contribution. Some judge correctly

in one field, only to miscalculate in another. Virchow, for instance, made proper deductions from many of his studies, but he had a blind spot for Neanderthal man, and would not recognize this great discovery when the evidence was conclusive to other anthropologists. A few scientists are pushed so by faith in their own theory, that they fit the facts to their own notion. Such a colossal fraud was Piltdown man.

From our vantage point of time it is easy to look into the past and separate the good scientists from the bad. In so doing we should recall that at their own moment in history, scientists whether superior or indifferent, have been subject to some rough treatment at the hands of their contemporaries. The spirits of Galileo, Darwin and Semmelweis could testify eloquently on this matter. If each of us will consider the unkind things that physicians of today will say about another doctor in the same hospital, or the same clinic or in another institution, we will behave more charitably in passing judgment on previous generations.

In evaluating Dr. Reich and his concept of the "Org," we must recognize that he was not operating in a vacuum. He had a susceptible audience, ready and waiting to follow his teaching. Let us place ourselves in the position of the uninitiated. The line goes as follows: "An Ohm measures electrical resistance; the watt is a unit of power; the org measures the essential human drive." And why not? What does measure the human drive? We might as well come clean and confess that we do not know. I do not presume to say that Dr. Reich was trying to measure it sincerely. As physicians perhaps 90-100% of us would vote Dr. Reich to have been a quack because he was so obviously one. Reverse the cards for a moment and we find that a well-informed and competent market expert sends out notices about a Canadian mining stock. His own confreres recognize it as pure bunk and a fraud. Yet, physicians will buy the stuff by the thousands of shares. All the while they frown on the confessors to the theory of Organon, many of whom might be competent brokers.

There is a component in every human of wanting to be fooled. This does not come suddenly. It is there from the outset, in believing that animals can talk and that Punch and Judy are real people. I find myself admiring the Rainmaker in the person of Burt Lancaster, as contrasted with the dull, cruel and sanctimonious person who stood unflinchingly for principle. Here we approach the secret of successful mountebankery. It is the triumph of personality over fact; it is the appeal of interesting ideas, however false, over stark reality. One might formulate a law that humans will follow with gusto whenever sparked by one of great personal charm and magnetism.

It is easy to pass final judgment on Dr. Reich and dismiss him as a patent fraud. I would rather say that he and his following represent that perennial human exhibition of a vigorous and colorful personality attracting disciples. This is another way of stating that Mary Baker Eddy, Hitler and Lenin will always remain fascinating human documents regardless of how misguided they may be.

R.L.

Wilhelm Reich

THE MESSIAH OF ORGONE ENERGY

Henry H. Work, '37

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PSYCHIATRY

U.C.L.A. SCHOOL OF MEDICINE



Bust of Dr. Reich, situated in the vicinity of his grave at "Orgonon." Windows have been boarded since the camp was closed.

OF the medical invaders of New England, no one has been more strange in our time than Dr. Wilhelm Reich; nor has anyone chosen a more attractive and unsuspecting beachhead than his at Rangeley, Maine. In November of 1957 his body was returned there to be buried following his death in the Federal Prison at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. The remains were placed in an exposed vault, located on a rocky hillside, and mounted with a bust made some years earlier.

The view from this point extends out over Dodge Pond, the Rangeley Lakes, and the hills beyond — one of the most impressive vistas in all of the beauty of New England.

According to the autopsy carried out at the prison, Dr. Reich had died at the age of sixty of a coro-

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View from Reich's grave over the hills and Rangeley Lakes region.

nary occlusion. He had predicted his own death before entering prison, and stated that he would die of a sickness which he termed "oranur." The concept of this illness, oranur, represented the culmination of Dr. Reich's theories about life, both biological and psychological: theories which had resulted in his being banned from a variety of countries in Europe and had led him finally to the establishment of what is best described as a medical cult operating in Forest Hills, New York, and in Rangeley.

Like many another theorist, Reich's medical beginnings were relatively orthodox. In his twenties, a graduate of the University of Vienna, he was attracted to Freud and became an important member of the early analytic school there. For six years he was director of the Vienna Seminar for Psychoanalytic Therapy. His own pioneering in therapeutic techniques and his explora-

tions of certain phases of the psyche led him to write a classic textbook of the psychiatric literature, *Character Analysis*, the first volume appearing in 1933, with the English edition appearing in 1945.

The importance of this text lay in the newer emphasis it gave to an understanding of ego psychology. Through this writing the author effected a part of a great change in the theoretical base of analytic therapy.

Reich was, however, not content either with his own studies or those of his colleagues. Out of the observations of Freud concerning anxiety and its relation to sexual activity, he began to promulgate the concept that the orgasm itself was the only acceptable release from anxiety and that its function was not merely that of satisfaction but that it was the most healthy tension-releasing mechanism available to man. Since he felt that both morals

and mores had forced the peoples of the earth into becoming orgiastic cripples, he dedicated himself to reshaping society toward what he felt to be a more proper concept of sexuality.

By 1930 he had not only joined the Austrian Socialist Party, but had introduced "sex-economy units" which became so popular that it was necessary for the party leaders to send him out of the party and on to Berlin. Here he entered and remained for a period of years in contact with the Communist Party, apparently in order to spread his theoretical knowledge through this massive medium. As Brady¹ says, "Even for the disciplined ranks of Communists, however, the lure of his teaching proved too strong." By the time that Reich was removed from the Communist Party, Freud also had felt that his theoretical concepts had gone too far and, in 1934, he was expelled from the In-

ternational Psychoanalytic Association. This corresponding with Hitler's rise in power, Reich left for Denmark and passed eventually through Sweden to Norway. Here he began a life-long series of biophysical observations on the sources of sexual energy and excitement.

By 1937 he had begun to publish about a unit of life force called the "bion." In 1939 these experiments had led once more to an expulsion, this time through a Royal Norwegian Decree. He left Europe forever and removed with his equipment and a following to Forest Hills. By this time, also, he had pushed his observations far enough so that the "bion" had become the "orgone." This was described by him as the basic life-giving force, available when understood, and usable for the relief of anxiety and the cure of illness. Orgone energy, said Reich, was *the* cosmic energy. It was described as having a blue color, as measurable in units called "orgs," and as existing all around us if we were but properly equipped to see it. It was said to occur in both animal and plant organisms. What was more important to Reich was the concept that it could be accumulated by machines which he devised, and then placed in "accumulator" boxes. These were of many sizes, some big enough for a man to get into, made of metal on the inside and wood or organic material on the outside. Using a number of instruments, not unlike the radar equipment available during the last war, Reich "accumulated" orgone energy, "piped" it into boxes, and sold the boxes for the relief of individuals suffering from the orgiastic impotence which he felt beset the world.

The bulk of this work was carried on on a hillside out of Rangeley, which Reich had named Orgonon. Here he had built a castle-like laboratory and library, and there it is that he is interred.

Reich's difficulty with the law

came when the Food and Drug Administration obtained an injunction which prohibited his Reich Foundation from sending the boxes across state lines in interstate commerce. For defying this injunction, Reich was sent to the Federal Penitentiary.

During the years prior to his imprisonment he had become involved in experiments concerning "destructive orgone energy." He described this in his last book in an article entitled, "The Blackening Rocks."² It was his feeling that certain cosmic energies were bringing in vast amounts of unhealthy energy which he labeled DOR, and which he said gave rise to the "oranur" illness. He described several attacks of this illness upon himself and on his co-workers, most of them consisting of a variety of disabling ailments of the vegetative nervous system. No doubt these feelings within him grew out of those experiments in which he had tried to apply his theories to the healing of all illnesses, especially including cancer, and which had been called vegetotherapy.

Reich's final articles contain a good deal of confused thinking, suggesting his state of mind at the time he was pushing his terminal activities.

In America as in Europe Reich has been subjected to a variety of critical attacks.³ His work on cancer was liberally scored in the *J.A.M.A.* in 1949⁴ and subsequently. There has been considerable attack on organized Psychiatry for permitting Reich to operate.¹ Yet at no time was he a member of ordinary psychiatric associations in this country and he has been roundly condemned in both the lay and medical press for his theories and the expression of his cultic activities. He remains, however, an example of how powerful can be the hold on individuals even for theories as unsound as his. His following was rather considerable; his income appeared adequate; his Foundation published a journal;

and he was the author of numerous books. The terminal issue of his journal contains one hundred thirty-seven pages, giving a bibliography of "orgone" publications and the other works of Reich and his Foundation. It is interesting that all of the major attacks against his theories are listed as carefully as the actual publications of the Foundation.

Not only had Reich predicted his own death in prison, but he had planned his funeral in detail and was buried according to his own dictates. His casket had been picked out before his imprisonment, and a plot of land containing a quarter of an acre had been set aside legally as a burial ground. The vault had been built to contain the casket. All went off as devised.

Visitors to Rangeley may be surprised at night to see the lights blazing out of Reich's hillside above Dodge Pond. According to his wish, the perimeter of the building was to be continually lighted for a year. His archives and personal library were sealed following the service, with the injunction that they not be opened until fifty years from the date of his death. According to the Rangeley papers,⁵ the entire laboratories will be made into a museum at that time and will be generally available to the public.

REICH was no modest man. He utilized his psychological knowledge to extend the martyr concept of himself to a degree far beyond that of the ordinary paranoid. The biographical volume about him which had been planned to appear prior to his incarceration was to be entitled, *The Murder of Christ*. Numerous articles of his made such a comparison and also placed him beside other individuals thought to have been martyred in their search for the "truth." Reich had constructed a potent description of the manner in which mankind must avoid the truth in order

to stay within a trap of man's own devising. Seeing himself clearly as one who would lead humanity out of this trap, it was easy for him to maintain his own narcissism and to foster the concepts and theories which he had devised.

Prior to 1930 Reich's contribution was that of the Character Neurosis, a major category in the usual psychiatric differential diagnosis. In such patients the neurotic pattern is expressed in behavior in a manner characteristic for each patient and usually of an antisocial type.

Reading the English text of his work one abruptly leaves this standard material and plunges into the second half of the book on The Theory of the Orgone.

On the basis of this theory and the elaborations of the next twenty-five years grew the school in New York and Rangeley. At its height the summer school was a big operation with an organized program of "research" and students, mainly physicians, living throughout the vacation area. There were many graduates of the school, practicing chiefly in the New York and New Jersey area, using modifications of Reich's techniques in their psychiatric practice. At times, according to reports of patients, this included both exposure and genital manipulation to secure "relief from tension." This use probably varied with each practitioner since the theory lent itself to freedom of experimentation. Reich's own concepts, rather than becoming more sophisticated, would appear to have gradually become more clouded with phantasy and mingled with paranoid thinking.

For his earlier work the psychiatric world accepts him as a standard authority. His later work finds credence only with his followers.

One of the most fantastic aspects of the entire activity was the size of the operation which he conducted, based on a theory which had never been successfully tested or given any credence outside of his

July, 1959

AUTHOR'S NOTE

About ten years ago our family discovered a most suitable camp outside of Rangeley, Maine, on a small lake known as Dodge Pond. On our first venture there, we discovered a large sign on the road leading to the camp, bearing the word "Orgonon." It became apparent that our attempts to get away from a medical setting were to be defeated by the presence of this establishment, the only one adjoining the camp area where we sojourned.

While we were at the camp we were besieged with questions about Orgonon, and I paid a call on Wilhelm Reich and found him to be a most affable individual. Such calls had to be arranged by written communication because, in general, the place was barred to the public, and a variety of rumors about what was happening at Orgonon circulated through the town and the surrounding camps.

At no time during an hour and a half's conversation did Dr. Reich mention anything in his life after the year 1930. We talked of his early studies in Vienna and about Freud's theories of child rearing.

Since that time, on subsequent

visits to Rangeley, I have seen the rise of the Foundation and then its gradual closure and padlocking. Because of an interest in the place stimulated by my visit, I have read some of Dr. Reich's material and that of his critics as well.

On my final visit in 1958 the place was deserted but not desolate. Reich had purchased an area of several acres including a prominent hillside. There were a number of small buildings, a large school-type building, and surmounting all a huge castle built of local boulders which contained the "research area," library and view tower. Reich is buried in front of this edifice. Around the buildings are several pieces of what appear to be war-surplus radar material with wires leading into the house. Here the "orgone" was accumulated. In one of the outhouses are the remains of orgone boxes — looking like the scrap pile of a coffin manufacturer. A lone American flag was placed in the midst of this collection of unfinished boxes. The possible sense of desolation was relieved by the brilliance of the native flowers on the hillside.

H. W.

own group of followers. Such activities appear to constitute an example of the manner in which the trappings of science can lend magical weight to one who in earlier times might have been considered a demonologist.

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Above: John Terry Maltsberger, 3rd, delivers the Class History. Below: the Class Day Procession.



Below: Dr. Helen Brooke Taussig answers the question: "Should Each of Us Have a Plan in Life?"



Alumni Day

An especially chivalrous feeling toward women pervaded Alumni and Class Days this year. The formal occasion was the Tenth Reunion of the granting of the M.D. degree to women at Harvard, and Dr. Berry opened Alumni Day festivities by covering in a few words 98 years of defeated attempts (by men) to admit women to Harvard Medical School. Even today, he said, some maintain that women sneaked in during the confusion of World War II. However, upwards of 80% of Harvard's 83 women graduates participate actively in medicine, as compared to 90% of the men, and this figure seemed to Dr. Berry a heartening reassurance for long-overdue approval.

Next day, Class Day, wives of those graduating rose with their husbands to take the Oath; some fiancées were dragged up too, as Dr. Berry underlined an equally important and often unsung distaff "profession."

Dr. Helen Brooke Taussig was perhaps more than any other the gracious spirit-incarnate of the tribute. A famous pediatrician and one of the foremost authorities on congenital heart disease, she spoke of the many factors of circumstance which had influenced the course of her life, of her Cambridge youth and her fruitless attempts to get into medicine in Boston. When told that the School of Public Health would allow her to take four years of courses but would grant no degree, she exclaimed: "But why on earth would anyone want to study for four years and receive no degree!" to which the quiet reply was: "We hope you won't." Johns Hop-

kins, however, welcomed Dr. Taussig and her subsequent work in the Cardiology Laboratory at Harriet Lane helped Dr. Alfred Blalock and other surgeons immeasurably to operate successfully for the correction of congenital heart defects. Dr. Taussig was guest of honor Friday afternoon at a tea given by the women of '59 in their new quarters in Vanderbilt Deanery. (One week later, on Commencement Day, Harvard bestowed upon Dr. Taussig the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.)

A burst of expansiveness, or of genuine democratic feeling, led moderator Thomas B. Quigley, '33, to welcome not only women to Alumni Day but also "Camp Followers, Musicians, and Detail Men." His earthy humor was expected, and he disappointed no one, for, as he was heard to explain privately, "I was talking to earthy people."

If anyone nowadays, earthy or otherwise, took time to ponder speech titles, he would have wondered about the next talk, "Some Perturbations of the Milky Way." Dr. Charles B. Huggins, '24, was not coy, and his first slide showed Tintoretto's painting of the Milky Way, originating from the female mammary gland (Juno?). The Ben May Laboratory, established in 1951, has devoted its research to mammary cancer. As late as 1951, he said, virtually nothing was known about this form of cancer. In the intervening period, much experimental and clinical work has substantiated the hormone dependence of many breast cancers.

Dr. Fiorindo A. Simeone, '34,

and Class Day

spoke of Western Reserve Medical School's integrated curriculum. His talk was of particular interest, since Harvard introduced its own integrated curriculum in 1957. He spoke of the program's aim to cope with the new factors in medical education without adding to the amount of time and material now required of the medical student. In order to accomplish this, the insistence upon "coverage" has been abandoned and replaced by the principle of continuous self-education. An attempt has been made to abolish the discontinuity between basic and clinical sciences by introducing clinical experience into the first year and continuing basic science into the fourth; and finally, a system of "clerkships" has been designed to increase continuity and depth in the patient-care experience of the medical student.

The scene shifted from new curriculum to old, as Dr. Howard B. Sprague, '22, told of the resignation in 1850 of Dr. John White Webster as Erving Professor of Chemistry. This resignation, he said, was timely, for one month later, Dr. Webster was hanged for the murder of Dr. George Parkman. Dr. Parkman, known as "The Chin," combined New England thrift with beneficence and had presented Harvard with the land on Grove St. on which to build its new Medical School. He had been insisting that Dr. Webster, who lived beyond his means, repay him money he had borrowed. When Dr. Parkman had agreed to meet Webster in his laboratory in the Medical School, the desperate Webster hit him with a piece of grate, and then tried to burn the

dismembered body in the Medical School furnace. The janitor became suspicious when Dr. Webster, who was perennially hard up, presented him with a turkey after the disappearance of Dr. Parkman. He began looking around Dr. Webster's laboratory. He found parts of a dismembered body concealed in a closet, and police investigation followed. Dr. Parkman's dental prosthesis, found in the incinerator, finally provided identification and marked one of the first instances in which dental work was used in trial to identify the *corpus delicti*. Sic transit "The Chin." Dr. Sprague issued a final Jeremiad which may have given pause for thought to some: "There is nothing more demoralizing," he said, quoting Edmund Wilson, "than a small but adequate income."

Somewhat of a limelight speaker because of his recent role in choosing the first astronauts, William R. Lovelace, '34, described the exhaustive physical tests taken by the prospective space men. The success of this program, he said, would depend on the ability to detect even the slightest pathologic condition which could result in a human system failure under the stress of space flight.

Ending the morning program, Dr. J. Englebert Dunphy, '33, paid a moving tribute to his colleagues and teachers as he prepared to take up new duties as Head of the Department of Surgery at the University of Oregon Medical School. Dr. Dunphy claimed credit for originating the (now perennial) idea to convert Longwood Quadrangle into a parking lot. He had also invited



Above: John Urquhart, '59, receives the Alumni Association Award from Charles C. Lund, '20, President of the Harvard Medical Alumni Association.



Above: Charles B. Huggins, '24, gets the orchid at the Alumni Day Symposium. Below: Arthur T. Hertig, '30, with an honored Alumnus, J. Lewis Bremer, '01.





"Retirement's fun!"



Above: Edward L. Young, '09, and Donald Macomber, '09, receive badges for the Fiftieth Reunion from Mrs. Berard of the Alumni Office. Below: Dr. Tausig, with four of the first women graduates: (l. to r.) Drs. Shirley Gallup, Raquel Cohen, Joann Taylor, and Doris Bennett, all of the class of '49.



Joseph Garland, '19, he said, to become a co-promoter in a parking-meter concession for the lot. Dr. Dunphy regretted that with his own departure for Oregon, the plan would fall through. He reflected that Oregon would console him for this failure and that Dr. Garland would be able to fall back upon other interests at the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

As the overflow audience left Amphitheatre D and emerged onto the green and sunny Quadrangle, many were relieved to find no black-top, no parking meters and no sign, saying "J. Englebert Garfy Sq."

Other high points marked the morning program: one was the presentation to Dr. Berry by Dr. John A. Reidy, President of the Class of '34, of a gift of \$75,000, the largest 25-year cash gift in the history of the Medical School. Dr. Thomas H. Lanman, '16, Director of Alumni Relations, announced a record \$164,000 total of unrestricted gifts contributed by the Alumni this year. And finally, the results of Alumni balloting for 3-year Alumni Council posts were announced: elected were Benjamin Tenney, Jr., '25; Alexander H. Bill, Jr., '39; and Rustin McIntosh, '18. Other officers of the Alumni Association elected were Charles B. Huggins, '24, President-elect; Rolf Lium, '33, President; William R. Pitts, '33, Vice-president; James H. Jackson, '43A, Secretary; John R. Brooks, '43B, Treasurer.

Each year, in defiance of Malthus and the caterer's provisions, a larger assemblage, with more children, fills the seats provided for the medical and dental graduates and their families on Class Day.

It is interesting to note that an unusually large number of prizes to the medical graduating class are based on character traits which defy objective testing, or on the whole person of the recipient. It may be a reminder of the whole involvement of the doctor in his profession to cite these awards: The Massa-

chusetts Medical Society Prize, "to the medical student who seemed most notably to have developed the intangible qualities of The Good Physician," to John Lindenbaum; the Maimonides Award of the Greater Boston Medical Society, "for integrity, perseverance, courage and force of example," to Joseph G. Pittman; and The Harvard Medical Alumni Association Award, "in recognition of all-round ability and well-balanced personality" to John Urquhart.

Research awards went to Richard S. Rivlin, recipient of the first Leon Resnick Prize Award; the Borden Undergraduate Research Award in Medicine, jointly to John Urquhart and Arthur Herbst; the Henry Asbury Christian Prize, "for diligence and notable scholarship," to Charles J. Epstein. The Boylston Medical Society First Prize paper was written by John T. Maltsberger 3rd, the second prize paper by John Urquhart.

An unexpected light touch in Class Day ceremonies came when Costan Berard, representing the graduating class, reversed procedure and presented to William B. Castle, '21, a gift symbolizing the most acute need of any member of the Faculty: a new car. Heads turned as a beribboned '38 Dodge sped up the marble walk to the speaker's platform. Privately circulated, the story went that twenty-five cents' contribution from each student at a graduation dinner the previous evening had purchased an exact replica of Dr. Castle's own '38 Dodge, except for its superior condition. "At least I will be able to drive it," were Dr. Castle's first astonished words. "I suppose this is the biggest single gift ever made at Harvard," he continued, "and there is no harm in the public-at-large knowing that medical education needs support." With a parting salute, he drove the beribboned car to the edge of the quadrangle, only to have it promptly tagged for

(Continued on page 28)



Above: The Class of '19 in conclave: Phillips Greene, Stuart Adler and Mrs. Adler.



Above: William R. Lovelace, '34, chats with Alumni Day Moderator, Thomas B. Quigley, '33, and Dr. Helen B. Taussig. Below: The sporting '34's, Aloysius Harney, Garrett Sullivan, and John Wilcox.



CLASS DAY



"... To the Age that is Waiting Before."

Young Class Agent in training



Pavlova

*Joseph M. F...
the Class Day...
Degeneration...
of Medic...
ents...*



In Boston, almost nobody reads the Bulletin.

"Tell it again, Daddy!"

Photographs

by William Tobey



*'41, delivers
address on "The
Regeneration
Students."*



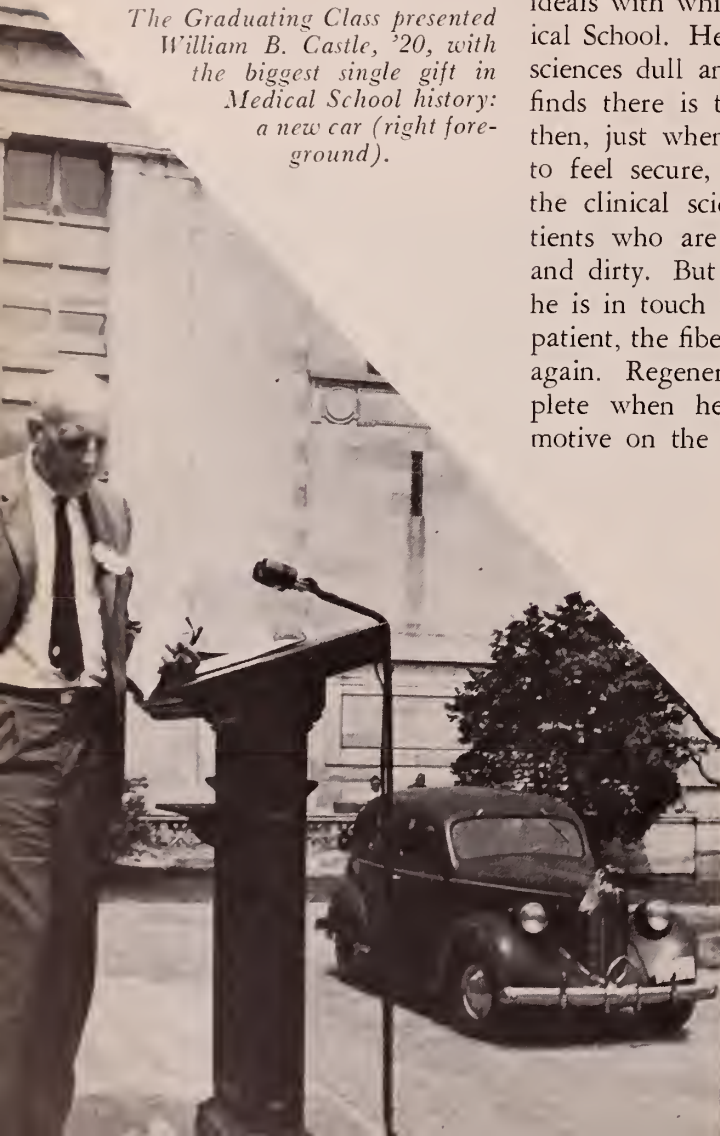


David Lawlor

Above left: Fiorindo A. Simeone, '34, spoke on the new program of medical education at Western Reserve Medical School.

Above right: C. Sidney ("Triple Threat") Burwell, '19, converses with Howard ("Sundry Parts of the Body of a Dead Man") Sprague, '22, at the Alumni Association Luncheon in Lamont Library.

The Graduating Class presented William B. Castle, '20, with the biggest single gift in Medical School history: a new car (right foreground).



(Continued from page 25)

illegal parking by the ever-watchful "Bill." At this point, Dr. Berry rushed onto the scene and quashed the ticket by tearing it up.

Dr. Foley's Class Day Address was witty; its message was serious: somewhere along the way, the medical student may lose sight of the ideals with which he entered Medical School. He may find the basic sciences dull and dehumanized; he finds there is too much to know; then, just when he was beginning to feel secure, he is plunged into the clinical sciences; he finds patients who are ungrateful, sullen, and dirty. But eventually, because he is in touch with his center, the patient, the fiber of ideal will grow again. Regeneration will be complete when he reaffirms his old motive on the basis of new expe-

rience. The nerve will degenerate at times, "but never again will he be as confused about his work and its meaning as he has been in Medical School."

As usual, and in keeping with the spirit of the day, women had the last word. "That is a false decision which urges a man to choose between his family and his profession," Dr. Foley said. "Make sure as a doctor's wife that you make it possible for your husband to find joy in that unity which is his family and his career." In the still difficult years ahead, he urged the wives of the graduating class to keep in mind the words of that durable and sometimes battered cat, Mehitabel:

... always ups and downs
 archy ... always ups and downs
 that is what my life has been one
 day lapping
 up the cream de la cream and
 the
 next skirmishing for
 fish heads in an alley but
 toujours gai archy toujours gai
 no
 matter how the luck broke i have
 had a
 most romantic life ...
 o wothell o toujours gai
 i never had time to fret
 i danced to whatever tune was
 played and
 there's life in the old dame yet.

REUNIONS

FIFTIETH REUNION

Of the 19 living members of the Class of 1909 of the H.M.S., 9 were present at the exercises at the Medical School on May 29: Harold Bowditch, Michael Fox, Hugh Greeley, Otto Hermann, George Lyons, Donald Macomber, Edgar Steinharter, Loring Swaim and Edward Young. Four wives were with this group for the luncheon, during which the class picture was taken.

In the afternoon the group separated for rest, shopping or sight-seeing. All but George Lyons met at the Harvard Club for dinner, where further talk about members present and past was carried on. The "traditional" champagne sent by the Twenty-five year Class to the Fiftieth was used with pleasure to toast the members present and gone and the donors of the wine; and the thank-you message sent back ended with the hope that they would be as young in 25 more years as were the members of 1909 at that moment. At midnight the group broke up, but with the hope of more reunions.

EDWARD L. YOUNG
Reunion Chairman

FORTY-FIFTH REUNION

The Forty-fifth Anniversary Report of the graduation of the Harvard Medical School Class of 1914 inevitably occurred on the last weekend in May 1959. To mark the occasion, 19 members and 9 wives foregathered for a Reunion on Alumni Day which was celebrated on May 29, and on Class Day which saw the graduation ceremonies of the Class of 1959 on May 30.

The following members of the class attended — some with and some without wives: — Alton, Aub, Belding, Binger, Dr. and Mrs. Brett, Dr. and Mrs. Cheever, Cobb, Dr. and Mrs. Fay, Dr. and Mrs. Hatch, Foster, Johnson, Leavitt, Dr.



The Fiftieth Reunion Class

and Mrs. Levine, Dr. and Mrs. Louis Millett, Dr. and Mrs. Munro, Dr. and Mrs. Ohler, Solomon and Dr. and Mrs. Vernlund.

On Friday night, 18 men met for cocktails and dinner at the Tavern Club. The list of members — 8 in number — who had died during the previous 5 years was read, and a toast was drunk to all absent members, living and dead. Affectionate, amusing and characteristic recollections of the missing, notably Jack Morrissey, Wayland Morrison and Hi Green, were revived by many of their old friends there present.

The President then called upon each of the members present to amplify his Class Biography in whatever way seemed suitable to him. All responded generously, the tendency being, perhaps on account of advancing years and certainly as the result of experience, to philosophize.

The following day, 8 members

and 7 wives had lunch together at Vanderbilt Hall. We were fortunate that Floyd Hatch's daughter was also present and gave us a short and very interesting résumé of her work with the American Ambulance Service.

The Treasurer reports that the finances are on a solid footing and that the Treasury is solvent. He also reports with gratitude the generosity of Horace Gray, Harold Stevens and Ted Hill who, despite the fact that they could not attend the Reunion, contributed toward the costs.

At the close, it was generally agreed that 1914 was and is an extraordinary class, that the friendships made during our 4 years together in Medical School are enduring and that those members who were unable to come to the Forty-fifth missed something irreplaceable.

W. RICHARD OHLER
Reunion Chairman

FORTIETH REUNION

The Class of 1919, with approximately 59 visible members remaining out of an originally reported 95, had a singularly felicitous Fortieth Reunion on Alumni Day, the various weather prophets of Greater Boston co-ordinating their activities for this occasion. After all, forty years had been spent in preparing for it.

The Alumni Day exercises and luncheon were attended by 13 couples and 8 singles to the general total of 34 souls; an even better attendance was had at the dinner that evening, at which 2 Adlers, 2 Burwells, 2 Garlands, 2 Greenoughs, 2 Haineses, 2 Herricks, 2 Hubbards, 2 Joneses, 2 Martins, 2 Masons, 2 Minors, 2 Newtons, 2 O'Haras, 2 L. G. Richardses, 2 Roots, 2 Siscoes, 2 Steins, 1 Ayer, 1 Bowler, 1 Greene, 1 McGarry, 1 Sanders and 1 Veldee were seated (in round numbers, about 40).

As the result of a conspiracy between the remaining class officers (Joe and Libbie Meigs being in Europe) and Dorothy Murphy, proprietress extraordinary of the Alumni Office, the class dined, and dined well, at the sumptuous home of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, formerly the Brandegee estate, in the Beverly Hills section of Brookline. Here, cooling drinks and languorous nectars were sipped while the guests strolled over the velvet lawns, sat on the spacious terraces and listened to the playing of the fountains and the screech of the peacocks as the setting sun swept gracefully back and forth over the western horizon, behind the hills of Needham.

Dinner was particularly appreciated, since all speech making was enjoined except for a few inspiring words from Classmate Burwell, especially prepared for the occasion.

A short breathing spell is expected before plans are laid for the Forty-fifth.

JOSEPH GARLAND
Reunion Chairman

THIRTY-FIFTH REUNION

By unanimous opinion the Thirty-fifth Reunion of H.M.S. '24 turned out to be one of our very best. The morning program at the school on May 29th was both informative and entertaining, and our class was represented with distinction by Charles Huggins.

The evening cocktail hour and dinner at the Harvard Club found all in a friendly and jovial mood — 75 at the table. We were honored by the presence of Dorothy Murphy and Dean Berry. Fred Lathrop as our first class president spoke briefly. Hurtado from Lima, Peru issued a cordial invitation to all. Charles Huggins told of his successful campaign for the place of President of the Medical School Alumni Association. Dorothy M. set the pace for the stories of the evening. Fine, Cave and Spellman of the local committee produced pertinent remarks, and Dean Berry was eloquent describing the progressive changes in the school program.

We drank a toast to Fuller Albright, now incapacitated, and another to those of our class not present, both living and dead.

Except for brief serious moments, it is fair to say that levity and good feeling prevailed.

Saturday evening, May 30th, Jim and Mary Faulkner provided a most comfortable environment for cocktails and buffet supper. Their hospitality is tops and our class is deeply appreciative of their friendship and interest.

Weather was perfect for all events. Nearly all of the 40 returnees were young in appearance (considering the years since graduation), in good spirits, thankful to be on earth, successful in their personal endeavors, and delighted to return for the Reunion.

Our class picture — taken in 1922 with Dr. Ernst on the steps of Building A — was distributed to each as a token of student days, and Jake Fine produced an attractive class booklet with biographical sketches for each to treasure.

The success of our Reunion can be attributed to the efficient and pleasant arrangements negotiated by the Alumni Office and to the spirit of friendship and good will evident among all present. It was a real pleasure to act as chairman for a Class Reunion under these circumstances.

GEORGE C. PRATHER
Reunion Chairman

THIRTIETH REUNION

Thanks to the help of Dr. Tom Lanman, Dorothy Murphy, and Susan Berard at the Alumni Office, our Thirtieth Reunion was easily the "best yet." The two-day session seemed adequate in length; and I thought we got along satisfactorily without a heavy scientific program.

The announcement of the \$75,000 gift from the Class of 1934 on Alumni Day was a source of pride to the Class of 1929 as well as to the School, inasmuch as our classmate, Herb Hedberg, was among the pioneers of a group to stimulate the augmentation of class gifts by a system of partial payments over a period of years.

The inclusion of our wives at the Alumni Luncheon made the occasion unusually pleasant. At most medical meetings, we think we renew acquaintances with former colleagues; but we rarely learn what kind of men they really have become until we have talked with the women responsible for their success.

In the evening, 46 men and 41 ladies gathered for the class banquet. Travel honors go to Charles and Agnes Noble from San Francisco, the Teels from Montana, and the Jewetts from Florida. In a brief business meeting, we attempted to pay tribute to the local committee who had worked so hard to make this reunion a success: Herb Adams, Buddington, Hurwitz, and Len Snedeker. Somewhere Sanderson found spare cash to provide a

three-piece orchestra, which did enhance the gaiety of the evening.

After dinner, our distinguished classmate George Humphreys held our attention with a few selected verbal canapés. For a guest speaker we were most fortunate in having Dr. William B. Castle, Minot Professor of Medicine at the B.C.H. and head of the Thorndike Memorial Laboratory. A few of his observations merit further thought: "The primary function of the Harvard Medical School is the education of its future alumni. In order that its teachers shall also be alert students of medicine it is desirable for many of them to engage in research. Categorical medical research is, however, not the primary function of a University; and in the long run its costly assault on the great cripples and killers will be most successful when balanced by the scholarship and eclectic research of University faculties living in free intellectual association. This idea is not a tear — or a pocketbook — jerker for the general public. That

is why alumni understanding and alumni funds are essential to help keep Harvard Medical School strong." Dr. Castle's ability to combine light and serious thoughts attractively provided a stimulating discourse.

Before the meeting adjourned Tom Dixon, our renowned traveler, presented to each classmate a piece of tableware which he had acquired in Thailand.

On the second day of the Reunion, attendance at the Graduation exercises and lunch at the H.M.S. quadrangle occupied the morning. In the afternoon, 32 men and 27 ladies went by chartered M.T.A. bus and private car to Kelley's summer cottage in Duxbury for a genuine clambake. Despite a couple of unpredicted heavy showers during our outdoor picnic, both hosts and guests had a grand time, and felt that this was a fitting climax for a very pleasant reunion.

SYLVESTER B. KELLEY
Reunion Chairman

TWENTY-FIFTH REUNION

More than half of the Class of 1934, seventy members, returned for the Twenty-fifth Reunion. Though many of us had not met for 25 years we were amazed at how easily we picked up where we left off a quarter century ago.

Thursday night at the Harvard Club helped, because four of our old teachers, Chester Jones, Stanley Cobb, Grantley Taylor and Tom Lanman were good enough to come and talk to us, each in his own particular way which we remembered so well. In addition Dean Berry gave us, in his usual genial manner, some overwhelming statistics about the growth and importance of the School in sending its graduates to the teaching of medicine in various parts of the world.

Of course, we had reports from various members of the Reunion Committees. Jack Reidy welcomed the group. Reed Harwood got a

The Class of 1934



special vote of thanks for the 25th Report which was the most complete yet compiled by any class and which all said they read "from cover to cover." Jack Graham gave a Treasurer's report after the style of Ogden Nash which was so amusing that we are trying to wrest it from him for publication. Tom Warthin and Garrett Sullivan got a plaudit for the arrangements, although they were both accused of being tied to Dottie Murphy's apron strings. A toast was given to Dottie and her staff who were with us. The Class as a whole received a warm vote of thanks for the effort they had made in the past year to raise a handsome 25th Reunion Gift to the School. This amounted to \$75,000, the largest cash 25-year gift yet given, \$21,000 of which had been given in the past year.

The members who came from a distance were recognized, namely, Henry Brown from San Mateo, California; Joe Delaney from Spokane, Washington; Dick Durant and Sam Yee from Honolulu, Hawaii; Joe Edwards from St. Louis; Stan Garber from Cincinnati; Randy Lovelace from New Mexico (but having just flown in from Moscow and returning the next day); Larry Putnam from Washington, D. C.; Ben Reiter from Minneapolis; Fred Rhineland from Cleveland; Norman Roberg from Chicago; Newt Scatchard from Buffalo; Horace Thomas from Columbia, Missouri; John Wilcox from Pomona, California; Jack Wolf from Kansas City and Bob Young from Columbus, Ohio. Durant and Yee of Honolulu, due to a delay in transportation, arrived about 10:00 p.m., which inevitably and pleasantly prolonged Thursday evening.

On Friday, Alumni Day was a great occasion. Two of our members spoke at the exercises, Simie Simeone and Randy Lovelace. There was a lot said about women and their place in the medical education and the world since Dr. Helen Taussig was the first speaker. It was even inferred that the

sex might be gaining superiority since the two monkeys who had been to outer space were female. Randy Lovelace, however, saved the day for us by stating that the reason females were picked was that they were easier to train!

The dinner-dance at the Country Club was one of the high points of the Reunion. It was gay. Sam Yee invited us to Honolulu for the 30th Reunion. Durant and Bruce inevitably gravitated to the piano. It was such a fine party that even some of the Class of 1933 showed up!

Class Day showed us how that event has developed into a high ceremonial occasion which did not exist when we were in School. It was not without its humor, since Joe Foley was the speaker, and the Class of 1959 presented an automobile to Bill Castle which he was made to drive across the quadrangle. Jack Graham, Reunion Treasurer in addition to his other duties, presented the Class of 1959 with \$200 from our Fund to serve as a nest egg in theirs.

The climax was the Warthins' clambake. It was a relaxed, friendly occasion, due to Tom and Ginnie's superb hospitality. Swimming in the pool, lobsters, clams and the works were not marred by a few drops of rain. Many who had not planned to do so stayed over for this feature, because they just couldn't break away from the spirit of the whole memorable occasion.

RICHARD WARREN
Reunion Chairman

TWENTIETH REUNION

While approximately only half of our classmates who originally indicated intentions to attend appeared, the Twentieth Reunion of HMS '39 was a great success. Fifty members accompanied by forty-one most attractive ladies and several teen-age children were present for the two-day festivities. Branch and Jean Craige (Texas), Ken and Katherine Livingston (Oregon),

and Larry and Mary Stuppy with children Betty and Billy (California) shared the honor of coming the greatest distance.

Class activities officially began with a cocktail party at Vanderbilt Hall Friday evening, though informed sources report the majority of the returning members opened festivities much before the sun went over the Yardarm at an impromptu affair in Herb and Jean Plass' room at the Somerset Hotel. At the onset Cash Mostofi proposed a toast for those *in absentia*. With the help of Bacchus, things indeed became congenial; as a matter of fact after several unsuccessful attempts to close the bar and adjourn to dinner, Ed Dyer finally succeeded by announcing facetiously "Geiger's in the dining room!" (We all missed you, Jim.) After an excellent dinner, a short address by our President Eben Alexander and a sobering summation of the status of our Class Gift to the School by Dan Ellis, we reconvened to the Lounge for dancing and things in a lighter vein. To your gray-haired and stodgy reporter, the capers cut by such as John Brabson, Dan Reagan, and Tommy Tucker, with such talented dancers as Barbara Kane, Dahlia McGoldrick, and Dotty Matson, confirmed an impression that some of us just age prematurely. The evening was made complete by the presence of Dotty Murphy, formerly in the Dean's Office and now in the Alumni Office.

A delightful Saturday afternoon and evening was spent in the country at the home of Charlie and Betty Mixter who excelled in the roles of congenial host and hostess. Equipment for various athletic endeavors had been gathered months in advance to divert the more youthful members of the class. Save for the feeble efforts of Jim Connolly, Miles Gullingsrud and Hardy Ulm, who did the shagging, and a tennis game between Betty Mixter and Arthur Pier, most of us just happily sat around and did you know what. This led your fat and fortyish, gray,

and bald reporter to confirm another impression — that some of us have a lot more sense than formerly. After a prolonged "happy hour," we had a delicious buffet supper, followed by more of you know what.

The general consensus was that the Reunion was a very enjoyable get-together, well worth the trouble and expense of attending, marred only by the failure of more classmates to attend. Several fellows suggested that for the Twenty-fifth, every member accept the responsibility of contacting classmates with whom he was intimate in school to insure a better turn-out. It's a little early, but begin now to think about 1964 and a trip to Boston.

EDWARD C. DYER
Reunion Chairman

FIFTEENTH REUNION

The Fifteenth Reunion produced an excellent turnout of members of the class and their wives. Bob Klein from Pittsburgh and Hank Bahnson from Baltimore were the long distance record holders, and 49 class members turned out in all. The banquet was entertained by toastmaster Bahnson and an adopted member of the class, Mark Altschule, '32, as well as, of course, Lew Barness and others. The outing on Saturday in Swampscott attracted almost as many and, in addition, there were many handsome offspring appropriately seated at the head table. In spite of showers a good many had a chance to show off their fortitude by going swimming, and their athletic prowess on the tennis court.

CHARLES D. COOK
Reunion Chairman

TENTH REUNION

Forty-one members of the class of 1949 arrived with 25 spouses — including several husbands loyally escorting their physician wives for the first time in the annals of H.M.S. Tenth Reunions. Special

tribute is paid to those who arrived from the far corners: Gus Swanson from Washington, Jo Ann Taylor and Tom Parker from California, Henry Dean from Florida, Warren Weil from Alabama, Al Hendler from Texas, John Juergens from Minnesota.

After a liberal intake of cocktails at the Longwood Cricket Club, the Friday evening dinner dance was off to a jubilant start. Our thanks go particularly to Jack Bruner for lining up a first rate orchestra of enthusiastic young players and for arranging a display of enlarged snapshots of our medical school days, nostalgically viewed by all. During intermission we were regaled by a spontaneous rendition of songs from our Aesculapian show by such stalwarts as Blanche, Fox, Jandl, Parker and Swanson.

Those who were still willing and able after the dance came to the Hicklers' where the party continued. A number of early morning long-distance phone calls were placed to missing classmates to wish them well and as a reminder to all to arrive for the Fifteenth!

Castle Hill at Crane's Beach in Ipswich provided a splendid setting for the final phase of the reunion on Saturday afternoon. A thunder shower terminated a softball game and prompted a general migration toward the Casino, where drinks were followed by a fine New England shore dinner of boiled lobster.

Most agreed that our classmates have carried the ten years with increasing grace, and all agreed that the effort to come was more than worth it. Many said they were looking forward to our next Reunion after enjoying the friendly spirit that prevailed.

ROGER B. HICKLER
Reunion Chairman

FIFTH REUNION

The Class of '54 was well represented at its Fifth Reunion and blessed with excellent weather. Forty-five of its members were

counted in at one or another of the festivities, along with their spouses and issue. Though the bulk came from local dens of learning, others rushed forth from New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina and Minnesota. (May these latter be an inspiration for those in distant places to return for future reunions.)

Friday night found most of the group at the Boston Yacht Club, a site famous for its view of the Harbor and its food. Thanks to the speedy dispersement of cocktails, few noticed that we were fogbound from the start. Bill Green, with help from the management, produced a magnificent dinner complete with wine and dancing. In the midst of all this, yours truly held a somewhat ethanolic business meeting, the fruits of which will be the substance of a future letter to the Class.

Saturday, Nate and Nancy Couch opened their hearts and her parents' home in Medfield to provide a sumptuous picnic supper on the family estate. The men played softball with youthful intent and showed "maturity" by their gentlemanly approach to the game. Swimming and boating cooled many a warm and moist brow.

Notable at the picnic was the discovery that soft drinks almost outsold the beer. More outstanding was the scene of slightly balding and ample men being literally overrun by scores of infants and children. All of which left me with the feeling that planned parenthood had long since lost its battle. Notwithstanding all this, the wives looked their same glamorous unchanging selves.

Now, when all are back at their appointed positions, we should single out many who worked hard to make the Fifth a success. Top mention must go to the Couches and Nancy's family, and to Miss Murphy and Mrs. Berard in the Alumni Office who did all the work.

ROBERT H. JONES
Reunion Chairman



Betty, Bob, and Howard Liljestrand on Moorea.

Te Vega

When they made "Cinerama South Seas Adventure" Dr. Liljestrand went along on the sailing portion as physician for the Hollywood crew. He and his family spent two months wandering from Hawaii to Tahiti, Tonga, and Fiji, in the beautiful Schooner, *Te Vega*.

For years they had wanted to visit the

South Seas of Cook and Vancouver and Gauguin. Steamships were inflexible, while yachts required real sailors and a lot of work. But they found a solution and went, and recommend the trip.

Dr. Liljestrand is in general practice in Hawaii and is administrator and Medical Director of the Leeward Oahu Hospital.

To Tahiti

P. Howard Liljestrand, '37

Man With an Axe by Paul Gauguin. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lewyt.



BESIDE the usual stuff, take fifteen cotton aloha shirts, skid-proof tennis shoes for the deck, and high leather boots for the reef. Service is deluxe, but informality rules, and coats and ties will hang in seclusion until the day of return to Honolulu. Sportswear is most suitable at all times.

Te Vega, Tahitian for *The Vega*, was built as a luxury yacht by an American in Germany just before World War II. Long, 134 feet, and beamy, 28 feet, and designed for easy motion, *Te Vega* is easy, even on the landlubber. But expect more motion than on a big liner and expect to take several days really getting your sea legs. It is interesting to think that the *Bounty* was only 90 feet long.

Te Vega was dismantled near Tahiti in 1951, when a squall caused a freak accident that broke the gammon iron. She languished in Papeete until Omer Darr took possession of her for the newly formed Darr Lines and powered her to Los Angeles for new masts and rigging. Remodeled and redecorated, she was registered for deluxe commercial passenger service to the South Seas. Air conditioning keeps her cool across the equator. Carpets are red nylon. A bath with tub separates each two staterooms. Comfort is combined with the romance of sail.

Weather, winds, stars, currents, courses, and knots become intelligible as the days slip rapidly by. In anticipation, the fourteen days from Los Angeles seemed long drawn out, but Tahiti came into view before we were ready, or had time to finish *Ancient Tahiti* and William Stone's *Tahiti Landfall*.

Now they say Papeete means "Water Basket," but Teura Henry in the remarkable classic, *Ancient Tahiti*, says "Gushing Water." In any case it is a quiet little south sea harbor complete even to the little islet at its entrance, decorated with a flower arrangement of tall palms.



(Left) Bob Liljestrand
and Tahitian *tiki* (idol).

(Right) *Fatata Te Miti*.
Paul Gauguin, National
Gallery of Art, Washing-
ton, D. C. Chester Dale
Collection.



(Below) An idle moment





On deck at dawn there was quiet excitement. Some of the crew were eager to see "Vahines" of previous acquaintance. The small island is high, rising precipitously over seven thousand feet. Pink-grey clouds floated among the jagged peaks. Outside the pass, through the reef, the pilot boat boiled alongside, bringing a hail that became a pass word for our expedition: "Allooo-Loois!" Louis Vallier, one of our fellow passengers, had spent several years in French Oceania before and during the war. Everywhere he was remembered and greeted with this island version of "Hello Louis."

Expertly moored, stern to the sea wall, our taff rail practically overhanging the main street, lines fast, we were cleared and free to go ashore. No chance yet. There was a rush up the gangway of the Darrs' many friends loaded with flower "hei" ("lei" in Hawaiian) for everyone and bestowed with gay double cheek French kisses. A sizeable crowd of silent onlookers leaned on bicycles and little French motorbikes on the grass. Behind them passed steady streams of traffic, mostly silent bicycles and purring motorized bikes, some horse-drawn drays and sulkies, and occasionally a small French car tootling musically as it threaded through the bikes. It is harder to cross the street than it appears. Bicycles threaten from all directions with surprising and sudden silence. Continuous tootling is required by day but strictly forbidden at night. Sunset brings silence.

Tahitians seem incapable of worry. Today they enjoy. Yesterday is forgotten and tomorrow is yet to come. Everywhere is singing and cheerfulness. Some work must be done to live, but they manage to make a game of most of it. A community net haul is hard work, but it is also a great group picnic with man, woman and child gaily splashing around in every kind of costume, often dresses and all. A ride on a bus, or *le truc* as they call



The White Horse. Woodcut by Paul Gauguin.



Oscar Nordman, a Tahiti businessman, told me one day why he feels himself the world's biggest fool. When Oscar was nine, Gauguin died in the Marquesas Islands of syphilis, with some suspicion of foul play. Oscar's father bought Gauguin's house on the beach outside Papeete. To clean up the place he sent nine-year-old Oscar with an older yard man. They gathered up several boxes of drawings, paintings, and carvings. The yard man asked what they should do with the "junk." Young Oscar said to throw it in the lagoon. Now graying and heavy, Oscar told me, "I realize that I threw into the lagoon a million francs. I was a fool." Then he told me about Emile. Said I, "Who's Emile?" "He's Paul Gauguin's son. He's in the park over there somewhere." Wandering over, I said to a taxi driver sitting on the curb, "Où est Emile Gauguin?" (My French was pretty hot by then. We had been in Tahiti three weeks.) The fellow shrugged and indicated that Emile was in jail. Said I, "Could one take his picture there?" "Why not?" he shrugged. So he had a fare. We went to the jail, where the under-shirted French functionary politely explained that we needed an "authorization" to photograph Emile. My driver dropped me on the waterfront but in a few minutes he was back tooting his way through the bicycles. "I have secured your authorization," he called. So he had another fare. Back to the jail. Out came Emile Gauguin, dark, heavy-set, about age 40, more or less toothless, and appearing mentally dull. He was cordial, grinned, and shook hands with my son for my camera. There was little conversation, for my French was hopeless. As we finished I held out a handful of francs toward Emile. The jailer's hand shot in between like lightning to intercept the money. The last time I saw Emile he was disappearing down the dark corridor of the ancient one-floor red brick jail. Not a single item of his father's art remains in Tahiti.

(Left) *Street in Tahiti* by Paul Gauguin. Courtesy Toledo Museum of Art, Gift of Edward Drummond, 1939.



(Right) *Te Vega* arrives in Papeete.

Tahitian Women by Paul Gauguin. 1891. The Louvre, Paris.



it, is really miserable, jiggling along on unpadded wooden benches. But the natives know each other. Two or three will have guitars. Tumblers of wine will be passed around and the routine bus ride is transformed daily into something more resembling a sleigh ride that we northerners might go to a lot of trouble to arrange once a year.

Tahitians have a French song: "If you go away, my heart will stop forever — toujours." But they mean it when they gaily sing instead, "trois jours." Three days! A heart-broken crowd waves goodbye to a French cruiser, only to move ten minutes later to another pier to welcome with enthusiastic gaiety another ship. By then their sparkling eyes are not even red.

Darr Lines arranged *Te Vega's* schedule so that an eleven-day cruise worked in nicely during the layover in Tahiti. There was an advantage to traveling on the *Vega*; we took our deluxe hotel with us. No packing, and the bed, the bath, clothes, books, cooks, drinks, and dinner go right along to the next unhurried anchorage in some lovely lagoon.

French Oceania is made up of old volcanic islands, ancient enough to be raggedly eroded aloft to steep spires and precipices and to have had time to grow below great protective reefs, which are part of the essence of the South Seas. The interior of these islands is wild and lovely. We hiked up streams to waterfalls, scrambled up cliffs to burial caves where skulls still lie, hidden since early missionary days, when the bones of sacrificial and war victims were spirited from the temples to mountain hideaways. Often, you are taken back a hundred years. Early one morning as we lay quietly at anchor a lone man appeared, lazily paddling a little outrigger, or *piroque*, as the French call them. Whenever a thatched shack appeared among the palms, he swung into shore to meet a yawning, stretching, pareu-clad Tahiti-

tian who would wade out to receive a loaf of French bread. Rural free delivery by canoe. No roads reach such palm-grown shores.

In Honolulu I had asked Mansfield Claffin, the landscape architect, what trip he thought would be of interest. He asked if we could go to Moorea, a jagged, eroded gem that has fascinated writers for 180 years. At anchor deep in quiet Papeetoi Bay beneath the towering peaks, I agreed with what he had said, "There is not a more beautiful island."

BORA Bora was next. Its spectacular central peak, surrounded by miles of blue-green lagoon, is well known to thousands of American servicemen. Signs of them are almost gone, there remaining only an old jeep, remnants of a quonset hut, and a blond child or two.

Louis Vallier borrowed a jeep to take us to one of his favorite old World War II perches. There, spell-bound, we were looking out over the blueness of the great curving lagoon toward distant Raiatea and Tahaa. Two tiny sailing outriggers rounded a headland and crept slowly across the reef-locked aquamarine lake.

Back to the Twentieth Century again with a jerk. That jeep! No brakes and twice we overshot the mark. First, when fetching gas in gallon bottles (86¢ a gallon), at the Chinaman's store. Ground-loop through a school yard! The children knew that jeep for they scattered wildly. Later, coming back, Louis overshot the drive and swung into another yard. Circling to a stop we halted before an open-air shower, where an adolescent girl, much embarrassed, was confronted suddenly by a lurching audience. Judicious low gear ground us back to the jeep's palm shed. Louis eased in with one foot on the ground.

That night was moonlit, clear, quiet and warm. It had been a full

day. Nevertheless, Louis kept talking about "not wasting the night." He proposed lobstering on the reef again. The rest yawned and wandered below to various staterooms. I took another look at the moonlight reflecting off the pass. After all, we could sleep tomorrow.

Thick boots and long pants again. Into his outboard dinghy and we were away in the darkness. A yellow quarter moon sank toward the pass. The outboard hummed steadily toward Motu Tabu and beyond. Faint in the moonlight, coral heads slid past below. Louis stood up in the bow, flashlight in hand, and began to yell instructions: "right, RIGHT! left!" Then a crunch and we were on a coral head. Slower after that, picking our way. Far past Tabu, oriented by the riding lights of the *Vega* far away under the black towering central mountain we rowed the last half mile, each to an oar, creeping closer to the dim white line of breakers where they fell roaring on the coral.

The reef was barely awash, except when a series of big breakers brought a foaming avalanche waist-deep, roaring across. Dinghy hooked into a coral hole and gasoline lantern lighted, we started crunching along on foot. Almost immediately Louis spotted a green lobster, got his foot on it with a jump, then bent to fumble for it with a gloved hand. We kept as close to the breakers as we dared but now and then a big foaming wave would stagger us toward the quiet lagoon. The riding lights of the *Vega* finally disappeared behind a hill as we slowly picked our footholds farther and farther into the thundering blackness.

Far out and alone. Darkness. The moon sputtered out beyond the far black edge of sea, its last yellow path of reflection showing huge oily breakers, swift and silent, piling up finally with great plumes before falling with wrenching, crackling thunder, to wash past our uncertain legs, boiling and hissing.

Louis spotted the bright eyes of a big lobster about 15 feet ahead. Dodging breakers, he splashed toward him just as the lobster was covered with a foot of foaming water. As it receded, he grabbed with his right hand. The lobster fought. A much bigger wave roared in, catching Louis staggering about with right hand down on the fighting lobster in the coral, the left hand desperately stretching to hold the lantern above the flood. I grabbed the lantern. Louis subdued the lobster and finally crammed him, flapping, into our mattress cover bag with the preceding six.

Turning back, we repeated our antics until at last the dim outline of the dinghy appeared. The moon had set an hour before. Bag and lobsters, we piled in, rowed, dodged coral heads, and started up the motor for the long ride back past Tabu toward the distant riding lights beneath the mountain.

Now it was inky darkness. Venus had set with the sun but now Jupiter glowed brilliantly above the peak, casting a trail of reflection on the lagoon. The Southern Cross rose on its side and slightly head down, anchoring the southern tip of the Milky Way. Overhead, Orion, Sirius, and Canopus and a million others lit the brilliant landmarks of the sky.

Beneath, as brightly, swirls of sea animals glowed in momentary glory. The roar of the now unseen breakers died gradually away astern, as the black, silhouetted palms of Motu Tabu slid silently past.

Back aboard, all slept except Allen, standing anchor watch. Large fish flopped all about the periphery of the spread of the gangway light.

Louis dropped our bag of previous lobsters over the side on a line. Allen promised to have them rescued and delivered to the chef at dawn. When we awoke, we were through the pass and standing well off on our course to Tahiti-iti. "If you go away, my heart will stop forever — trois jours."

Charles Hill DuToit

1916-1959

The sudden and tragic death of Dr. Charles Hill DuToit has left an empty place in the ranks of the Massachusetts General Hospital and in the hearts of many of his friends.

He was both an astute and well trained clinician and a meticulous and resourceful biochemist. His greatest accomplishment in the laboratory was the development of improved methods for the detection in the urine and blood of degradation products of epinephrine and norepinephrine.

Nevertheless, the role for which he was most noted was as Director of the Chemistry Laboratory of the Massachusetts General Hospital. In

this capacity he gave the best part of his time and energies in the assistance of members of the house and visiting staffs in solving numerous metabolic and toxicologic problems presented by their patients. For these efforts he sought nothing and received all too little in the way of personal tribute or reward. His tragic death interrupted what promised to be a career of unique service.

For his quiet wisdom, and humor, and for his deep and sympathetic understanding of the problems of others, he will be sorely missed.

EVAN CALKINS, '45

HONORS

Ten members of the Harvard Medical School faculty were honored at the Twenty-five Year Recognition Ceremony on May 14, 1959, for a quarter-century of service to the University. HARRY C. TRIMBLE, M.D., Special Consultant to the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, acted as official representative of the School. Those honored were: JOHN ADAMS, JR., '29, Instructor in Dermatology; MARK D. ALT-SCHULE, '32, Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine and Member of the Board of Freshman Advisers; CHRISTOPHER J. DUNCAN, M.D., Assistant Clinical Professor of Gynaecology; EUGENE C. EPPINGER,

'30, Associate Clinical Professor of Medicine and Assistant Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in charge of Courses for Graduates; SAMUEL H. EPSTEIN, '27, Instructor in Neurology; JOHN G. GIBSON, '32, Associate in Medicine at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital; ALEXANDER MARBLE, '27, Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine; WERNER MUELLER, M.D., Instructor in Laryngology and Otology; MARIAN W. ROPES, M.D., Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine; and CLEMENT A. SMITH, M.D., Associate Professor of Pediatrics at the Boston Lying-in Hospital.

NEW

APPOINTMENTS

DON W. FAWCETT, '42, recognized as an early leader in the use of the electron microscope in the study of the fine structure of cells, has been named Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Head of the Department at Harvard University. Since 1955 Dr. Fawcett has been Professor and Head of the Department of Anatomy at Cornell University Medical School.

In his investigations with the electron microscope, Dr. Fawcett's explorations have been in such diverse fields as endocrine influence on fat metabolism, tissue culture, the fine structure of specialized cell borders and spermatogenesis. His current work concerns the fine structure and function of intracellular membranes.

Dr. Fawcett returns to Harvard to assume the post occupied by his former teacher, the late Dr. George Bernays Wislocki.

* * *

THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK, '45, has been appointed Edward Wigglesworth Professor of Dermatology and Head of the Department at Harvard. He will serve simultaneously as Chief of the Dermatological Service at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Fitzpatrick is currently on leave of absence at Oxford University, England, from his post as Professor and Head of the Division of Dermatology at the University of Oregon.

In his research Dr. Fitzpatrick has been concerned with why some apparently benign skin moles become cancerous. His work, as viewed by his contemporaries, holds great promise of adding to man's knowledge concerning the biochemistry of malignant tumors.

* * *

DR. STEPHEN WILLIAM KUFFLER has been appointed Professor of Neurophysiology and Neuropharmacology on the Harvard Faculty of Medicine. Regarded internationally as one of the foremost investigators in neurophysiology and neuropharmacology, Dr. Kuffler will continue his research in Harvard Medical School's Department of Pharmacology. Dr. Kuffler's research concerns the functioning of nerve cells at the molecular level. He comes to Harvard from Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Do We Graduate as Compleat Physicians?

John Terry Maltsberger 3rd, '59

Class Day speakers have been known in the past to amuse, to admonish, to sentimentalize, to toss sops to humanism, and rarely, I hope, to bore. I decided that this morning I should like to discuss, with a degree of seriousness, what has occupied our past four years, and how well we are prepared for what lies ahead in the next forty.

We have probably learned a good deal more than most of us realize. Those hours in the deadhouse tracing out courses of nerves and blood vessels have marked our memories. The cells, bathed in the prehistoric brine of the *milieu* interior, may swell and shrink in health and disease. The anions and cations fluctuate as the inner sea floods, ebbs, calms, or blows. We are now trained mariners, prepared for almost any physiological tempest. There is no body juice strange to us. Few Harvard days have been idle, for we have concerned ourselves with such extracts as ouabain, tinctures as opium, hormones as aldosterone, enzymes as lactic acid dehydrogenase, spirits as ethanol, gases as cyclopropane. Who among us will ever forget the wonderful medicament reposing in the horny skin of the lowly, sluggish toad, bufotenin? Laurence, an early pharmacologist of Elizabethan reputation, had his imagination stirred by considerations like these. He was quoted in 1597:

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

We have feasted our minds at symposia of sago spleen, nutmeg liver, and strawberry gallbladder, served to us by attendants whose skill in such matters is unsurpassed. As medical initiates we know that arrhenoblastoma is not a city in Asia Minor. Charcot-Marie-Tooth Disease is not a matter for our dental colleagues, and the Hertig-Rock embryo differs from

a lithopedion. We know that no *Clonorchis sinensis* would ever be found in Thoreau's Walden Pond. We are acquainted with that exemplar of evil, the sinuous, pallid Treponeme. The curly-tailed cholera vibrio and the zebra-striped *Corynebacteria* are more familiar than coyote or crocodile. Indeed, we have had time to gather that a pathologist is as different from a physician as a jurist is from an advocate.

We have learned the litanies of differential diagnosis, and had a little seasoning on the wards. Congestive heart failure is no longer a phenomenon to be measured in a heart-lung preparation; it has the exciting dimension of taking place inside patients. Osteoarthritis is no longer a process for eburnating bones—it lies concealed inside many an aching back. These diseases have taken on another dimension: they no longer have the purity of the abstract. Once, diseases were concepts to be mastered by much labor. We now see the generalizations particularized into the various sufferings which the people we call patients have to endure. No longer is it enough to know the particulars and the natural history of a disease. It is not enough to name the diseases that a large spleen suggests. A tiger in his cage is interesting enough, and one may even pause to count his whiskers. Meeting him in the jungle is a different matter.

My point is this: it is one thing to recognize a disease and to understand its characteristics. To deal wisely with it and with the person who has it is quite another. Each of these attributes requires a special kind of knowledge. In a good doctor you find them both in proper proportion.

I have spent some time in telling how we have studied one kind of knowledge: the kind with which a Harvard training is replete. I am sure that there is no better place in which to learn the facts and habits of the ills which afflict humanity than at Harvard Medical School. But we do not yet have nearly enough of this information to meet the challenges which invite research on every side. A physician told me last week he went home every day and explained to his wife more and new things that were not known about central nervous system maladies. By now she must be getting pretty near the end of her rope. Surely

Note: The Class Day History was delivered on May 30. It has been shortened for publication in the Bulletin.

no one here would question the importance of the pancreaticoduodenal artery, the necessity of distinguishing osmolarity and osmolality, or the gravity of such matters as phosphatase. But no matter how much knowledge of this kind a man masters, it is of itself not enough to transform him into a good physician. Add the proper spirit of inquiry and you might have a biologist, but not a physician. There are some few other things required.

There is another kind of knowledge about which I wish to speak. Harvard has had relatively little to say about this kind of knowledge, probably because it is difficult to describe. A creditable number among the pedagogy show signs of possessing it, and I do not complain that I have not been told how to be a sage. This disposition is much better learned by example than from description, but without self-examination and a judicious amount of discipline it cannot be achieved. It is one thing to speak about "treating the patient as a whole," and it is quite another thing to do it. Many have exhorted us to this ideal, some have practiced it before us, and a few have both spoken well about this disposition and shown it to us also. How carefully should the University guard those teachers who can instruct in this special knowledge by their examples, for among the faculty none are more valuable.

Their most striking attribute is the *respect* which they afford each person with whom they come to deal. No question is so ridiculous or problem so trivial as to provoke impatience. No patient is too uninteresting to consider. They know that the life of every man is a way to himself, an attempt at a way, the suggestion of a path. Each individual is an experimental throw from the depths, striving toward his own goal, and therefore deserving the utmost respect and attention.

Another element is *humor*: the ability to see a pleasant foolishness in certain circumstances seemingly grave, and sometimes gravity in circumstances which might make other men laugh. I am trying to say that a good doctor must have perspective, and a capacity to grasp and deal with situations which may well stagger others caught up in them. A man with such perspective as this will be thoroughly versed in the intricacies of the kidney if he is a good doctor, but he will never treat a sick person as "a minutely set, ingenious machine for turning, with infinite artfulness, the red wine of Shiraz into urine." He will never place a patient in the situation of Professor James' renowned crab which, when described to a class of sociology students as a Crustacean, leaped from the lecturer's hands and cried, "No, no! I am me! I am me!"

Because of the perspective I mention, masters of the second kind of knowledge will never become victims

of that professional pride which Socrates attributed to some certain Athenian artisans:

At last I went to the artisans. I was conscious that I knew nothing at all, as I may say, and I was sure that they knew many fine things; and here I was not mistaken, for they did know many things of which I was ignorant, and in this way they certainly were wiser than I was. But I observed that even the good artisans fell into the same error as the poets; — because they were good workmen they thought they also knew all sorts of high matters, and this defect in them overshadowed their wisdom; and therefore I asked myself on behalf of the oracle, whether I would like to be as I was, neither having their knowledge nor their ignorance, or like them in both; and I made answer to myself and to the oracle that I was better off as I was.

Gentlemen, as you stand on the threshold of your medical careers, consider what lies before you! In back of you stands some knowledge, the two kinds I have described. None of us, I fear, can claim enough of either kind. Let Oliver Wendell Holmes describe this second core of medicine. He refers to the sick.

The persons who seek the aid of the physician are very honest and sincere in their wish to get rid of their complaints, and, generally speaking, to live as long as they can. However attractively the future is painted to them, they are addicted to the daily use of this empirical and unchemical mixture we call air, and would hold on to it as a tippler does to his alcoholic drinks. There is nothing men will not do, there is nothing they have not done, to recover their health and save their lives. They have submitted to be half drowned in water, and half choked with gases, to be buried up to their chins in earth, to be seared with hot irons like galley slaves, to be crimped with knives, like codfish, to have needles thrust into their flesh, and bonfires kindled on their skin, to swallow all sorts of abominations, and to pay for all this, as if blisters were a blessing, and leeches were a luxury. What more can be asked to prove their honesty and sincerity?

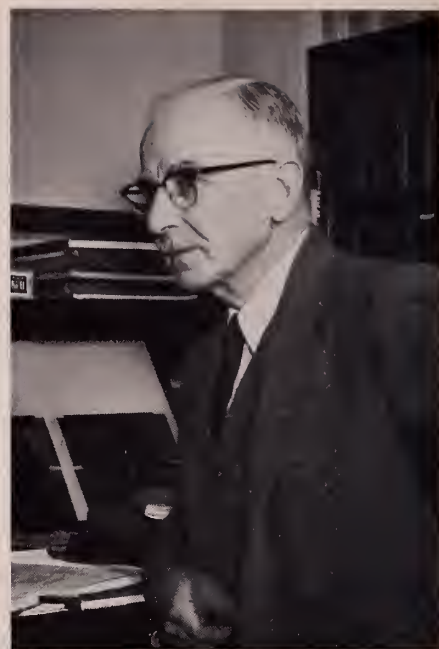
Every physician since Hippocrates has met with this kind of honesty and sincerity in patients. After four years at medical school we are about to set out. We do not comprehend all the medicine that is known. Many of the most important medical facts are still undiscovered so that we can't know them just now. Who among us has enough of the second kind of knowledge, that he can treat each patient with the wisdom he deserves? This is our dilemma: that life is short and the art long, the occasion instant, experiment perilous, decision difficult. As we set out to meet it with all courage and good faith, hail to you all, and farewell.

Russia Revisited

In November of 1958, after 40 years away, Dr. Paul I. Yakovlev went as an American visitor to his native Russia. Having grown up in Tsarist Russia, he left in 1919 after the Bolshevik Revolution. During this visit he had a unique opportunity to compare present-day Russia, with the Russia he remembered.

In the course of the trip Dr. Yakovlev returned to his own city, Leningrad, where he was able to

visit childhood friends. He was pleased to find that many had maintained their social standings and had achieved positions consistent with their educational and social backgrounds. His busy schedule restricted him for the most part to scientists and research workers, a highly respected group, and much catered to by the government. This allowed him little time to talk with "the people." Here in Leningrad,



Dr. Yakovlev

however, he visited informally with old friends; although he found among them divergences of opinion on minor policies, the same solidarity of opinion and support of the government seemed to pervade this society. Dr. Yakovlev was made aware of a strong national pride in those who stayed after the Revolution and survived under very difficult circumstances when 10 million from the middle and upper classes of intelligentsia left Russia.

The educated man has long been respected in Russia. Even in the days of the Tsars, education could free any man from bondage to a particular class. Dr. Yakovlev noted the continuing emphasis on education in the highly organized aim of the present Russian government to cultivate the intellectual endeavors of the people. This has not been



"The family unit has become an area of trust and security" — Winter Palace Garden, Leningrad.

In an interview for the *Bulletin*, Dr. Paul I. Yakovlev, Clinical Professor of Neuropathology and Curator of the Warren Anatomical Museum, offered some non-professional comments on his recent trip to Russia. Along with five other scientists and physicians in the field of neurology, he visited the institutes of neurological research in several Russian cities. This trip was part of the exchange programs established following the Geneva conferences in 1955 to improve international understanding through personal contact.

without effect. Illiteracy has dropped by two-thirds in the last 40 years. Proof of widespread literacy and the standardization of education throughout the Republics is readily noted in the language changes. Dr. Yakovlev discovered, for instance, that he could no longer place people in their respective provinces by their dialects, but rather, found uniform, grammatical Russian spoken everywhere.

The crowded museums were evidence, too, of educational progress. Museums were always popular but were principally visited by a select group of the educated in Tsarist Russia. In 1958, however, Dr. Yakovlev saw there Mongolians, Chinese, Turkestanians, and people from all the vast Republics of Russia. Most of these people were on supervised educational tours, since the museums have been effectively organized, and trained guides now lecture regularly on the historical background and the artistic significance of the works of art.

Dr. Yakovlev was interested to find that many of the churches are now museums. Beautifully preserved, and restored, the magnificent Byzantine-inspired cathedrals no longer function as churches but house, instead, the historical records of Russian Orthodoxy. Documents, icons and religious frescoes are preserved in these museum-churches for their historical value. A concordat between church and state regulates strictly the function of the church, and religious services, though not encouraged, are not illegal. Dr. Yakovlev was told that one of the highest paid professions in Russia today is the priesthood, since the availability of qualified clergy is decreasing disproportionately with the percentage of churchgoers.

Evidences of strengthened family bonds impressed Dr. Yakovlev everywhere. Parents, long deprived themselves, shower their children with attention and luxury, perhaps as an outlet for their own restraints. The family unit has become an area

of trust and security in a society where public life is rigidly regimented in accordance with political doctrine. Children, in contrast, attract attention not only because of their red-cheeked, happy faces, but because they are dressed with obvious concern for variety and ele-

Russian scientists in his field welcomed him to the neurological institutes and impressed him favorably with their progress. He was able to revisit the graceful, majestic city of Leningrad in which he had grown up. Living abroad for forty years, Dr. Yakovlev had the satis-



"Children attract attention not only because of their red-cheeked, happy faces, but because they are dressed with obvious concern for variety and elegance" — Leningrad, December 1958.

gance. In their genuine fur coats of individualized styling, the children are an obviously catered-to group.

Dr. Yakovlev returned to a Russia he had known before the last four decades of growth and change. Modernized Russia received him with the specialized treatment of an American in its monumental, though not too modern, hotels.

faction of a special perspective on his homeland: He was able to see forty years' development without the blur of living through gradual change. In addition, he viewed this change as a Russian returning to the city of his youth, and felt perhaps less compulsion than a foreigner to judge Russia definitively on the basis of his recent observations.

